

# The SIGN



**NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE**



- EUROPE: HOME OF CRISES - - - Douglas Woodruff  
PEGGING the GOLD MARKET - Richard E. Mulcahy, S. J.  
INSIDE WASHINGTON - - - - - Joseph F. Thorning  
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS - - - - Raphael Johnson  
IGNORANCE AMONG CATHOLICS - - - Hilaire Belloc  
CHARITY BEHIND THE WHEEL - - - Mary Perkins  
THE NEW SPAIN - - - - - Owen B. McGuire

MAY, 1939

PRICE 20c



Fr. Clement Seybold, C.P.

## TEN YEARS AGO FOUR PRIESTS DIED FOR CHRIST IN CHINA



Fr. Walter Coveyou, C.P.

**B**ANDITS killed three of them on April 24, 1929. Two days later Fr. Constantine succumbed to the no less savage enemy, typhoid fever. A tragedy? Yes—beyond words to tell. A failure? The thoughts of Cardinal Laurenti give the answer: "Here is a picture of missionary work after the glamor and fanfare of departure; here is the ugly, unpainted truth; here is the apostolate without romance, stripped of picture-book adventurings; not someone else's apostolate, but that of the sons of the Catholic Church in America. Here is death. Here are sons of the new world, who grimly, stolidly, held to their posts of danger. With St. Paul the Apostle, they experienced the perils of preaching Christ, were captured, robbed and finally killed.

**"W**AS it a failure to have kept the traditions of the Catholic apostolate? In calm or in war the Catholic missionary stands his ground. It is the tradition of the great fighting machine to which he belongs. It is one of the glories of the Church that her splendidly disciplined army never retreats.

**"C**HINA is in travail and is deciding its destiny for centuries to come. Now is the time to labor, not to wait. The Catholic missionary must be with the people, doggedly holding past gains, tirelessly struggling for new ones. When calm comes he may be gaunt and haggard, but he must be entrenched."

Fr. Godfrey Holbein, C.P.



### THESE PRIESTS HAVE NOT FAILED. THEIR LIFE BLOOD MARKS THE LINE WHICH WE MUST HOLD

Fr. Constantine Leech, C.P.



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# The SIGN

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# Personal MENTION



Paul Kinnear

designs from his pen. He hopefully awaits your opinion.

Kansas City, Mo., was his birthplace. Most of his life has been spent in the Middle and Northwest, ranging as far South as Kentucky and as far North as Canada. After the completion of his art training at the Minneapolis Art Institute he engaged in varied work—including newspaper advertising, magazine illustrations and portraiture. For the past year he has been in New York City, where he expects to stay for some time.

• **EUROPE** was the scene of much of JOHN J. STONBOROUGH's studies. Born in America in 1912, he studied Political Science at the universities of Fribourg and Vienna. To his theoretical knowledge he added the practical experience of working in a Swiss cheese factory and a Czechoslovakian brewery. Observations of social conditions were made also in England, France, Austria, Italy and U.S.S.R.

For the *Brooklyn Times-Union* he covered the World Economic Conference in London in 1933. Since 1935 he has been with the Government. This month he offers practical suggestions on the *Machinery for Industrial Peace*.

• **WHEN** *Trader Sam Pegs the Gold Market*, the world takes keen notice. FR. RICHARD E. MULCAHY, S.J. discusses some of the results. The author, who has written for *America* and *Christian Front*, is a student of economics in the graduate school of Mt. St. Michael's—Spokane, Wash. For five years he was with the San Francisco Stock Exchange Firm of L. H. Norris & Sons.

• **THE SIGNATURE** of PAUL KINNEAR has been seen on many of our illustrations. We have persuaded him to send us his picture, with a line or two about himself, for this issue. Our new cover, as well as the department headings which make up part of THE SIGN's dress this month are

• **A WELL-KNOWN POET**, EDITH TATUM, contributes *Festival for Our Lady* for the month of May. For those who are not acquainted with her work we note that she was born in Greenville, Alabama, where she still resides. Secular and religious periodicals have published much of her verse. Among the poetry books to her credit are *Patterns*, *The Awakening of Iseult*, and *A Chaplet for Mary*. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America, the Catholic Poetry Society and the National League of American Penwomen.

• **THE CHINESE WAR** has so slowed up the mails from that country that we have no further details on the refugee problem in our Mission District. We know from a few short messages that our missionaries are working at all hours with the victims of the war. Meanwhile we present from two of the Passionist Fathers, who are home on furlough, two interesting articles on China. The first, *Sportlights and Budgets* by FR. MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P. is in lighter vein. The other, *An Interrupted Task*, by FR. DENIS FOGARTY, C.P. is a reminder of school needs in Yüanling. Both Fathers are natives of Massachusetts.

• **MANY OF OUR READERS** have asked for something light, something especially enjoyable, with a thought in it that will make them pause as well as chuckle. We surely have it in MARY PERKINS' *Charity Behind the Wheel*.

Boston born, she is a graduate of Manhattanville College, N. Y. For a year she had a secretarial position with Sheed & Ward. The same firm published last December her book, *At Your Ease in the Catholic Church*. She lets us in on the secret that she is engaged and tells us also of her interesting family: one sister a doctor; a brother assists Lawrence Gilman — musical critic of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*; her mother collaborates with Charles Woodbury.



Mary Perkins

# EDITORIAL

## Another Step Forward



LONG years ago a certain John Baskerville became so prosperous as a typographer that he purchased a gorgeous coach, adorned with rich panels. A span of cream-colored horses drew it along the streets of Birmingham, England, before the gaping crowds. Dressed in green clothes, a scarlet waistcoat and a small, round hat trimmed with gold lace, the newly rich owner looked out with satisfaction upon the world.

This month THE SIGN appears in a new style from cover to cover, and the body text is that designed and executed by this same John Baskerville. Macauley said of the first book printed in this type that it "went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe." It is interesting to learn that Beaumarchais purchased most of the type for his seventy volumes of Voltaire's works.

While it might be pleasing for us to feel that belated reparation for its early use is now provided by its service in THE SIGN, our principal reason for presenting it is to improve the appearance of the magazine. Significant of the fact of the revival of this type, almost unheard of for more than a century, is the report of the judges who selected the "Fifty Books" of 1939. Fifteen were set in Baskerville—almost double the number of its nearest competitor.

But, after all, you are to be the judges in this case. In changing type, cover and department headings this month—we had you in mind. We are convinced that intelligent readers wish to see evidence that everything possible is being done by Catholic editors to keep their publications not only in step with, but also ahead of the times. And if we did not press into the service of Catholic literature the advances made in the typographical art, we should feel that we were depriving you of improvements that you would enjoy.

WHILE much time, thought and professional advice have been devoted to the changes to which we are calling attention, we are aware that the content of the magazine is of first importance. Only those publications which are edited with the Church's teachings and traditions as guides, can give the Catholic answer to our problems—whether individual, national or international. We repeat this thought, which has been

expressed on this page frequently, simply because it is still not given practical acceptance by many Catholics.

European crises have persisted over so long a time that entire nations are kept on the verge of a nervous collapse. The Church, emerging from a bloody ordeal in Spain, hears the cries of her children in Germany and Mexico and China. Business stands in fear—as though watching some irresponsible giant crashing through its shops and stores and markets. Industrial peace, which seemed about to walk freely through the land, turns again—prepared for flight.

CONGRESS battles over the urgent question of neutrality, knowing that on its solution may depend many of our domestic problems. And, quick to strike in this time of unrest, forces that would undermine both Church and State are working with feverish haste.

Who is friend and who is foe? Where do we stand? Which way shall we go? Are we to forget that we should have joy in our Faith here and hope for heaven hereafter? Must we not lift our voices and raise our hands—must we not bestir ourselves to offer a united, intelligent, courageous front against the evils of the world? Shall we not have to answer if petty prejudices, racial differences and personal dislikes split our ranks wide open so that we are vulnerable to every attack?

Men and women and our youth who are familiar with the Catholic Press are not only asking themselves these questions; they are beginning to answer many of them in the right way. Men and women and youth who confine their reading to secular publications are ignorant of both the questions and the answers.

Our obligation to impress this truth on the Catholics of America is the principal reason for every improvement in THE SIGN. Your appreciation of our magazine encourages and inspires us to continued effort.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS HARDLY CORRECT these days to speak of a new crisis in Europe. Europe is in a state of perpetual crisis. The atmosphere of crisis is becoming as normal to European

## Europe in Perpetual Crisis

peoples as the air they breathe. Travelers report that Europeans have become so accustomed to a state of tension that they appear rather unconcerned. We Americans, they tell us, are much more alarmed by war scares than even the peoples of the Balkans.

One reason for this, we believe, is that Europeans realize that Hitler has introduced a new device into the game of international politics. With a great army and air force at his disposal he goes through all the movements of preparing to go to war for what he wants. The nation threatened with attack, frightened by the vast German military machine, gives him what he wants rather than run the risk of merciless annihilation. Now that Britain and France see their interests threatened by Hitler's onward march and are taking steps to stop it, there is a feeling that there will be no war. Hitler has gotten most of what he wants and would be a madman to risk everything on a war in which the chances would be against him.

We cannot repeat too often that the struggle going on in Europe at present is for political and economic preponderance (with consequent military advantages) in Eastern and Southeastern Europe. That struggle is being waged between Britain and France on the one hand and Germany and Italy on the other. Whatever the temporary changes in the situation, the ultimate outcome, for geographic as well as for other reasons, will probably be in favor of Germany and Italy.

We Americans should face the situation as it actually is. Our political orators tell us that it is a war of ideologies, that it is a struggle for the preservation of our Western civilization. As a matter of fact it is a struggle for military and economic advantages—better understood in terms of essential war supplies, or of pounds and francs, marks and lire, than in terms of ideals or high principles.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has taken it upon himself as no other President since Woodrow Wilson to meddle in European affairs. Under his guidance the weight of

## Our President and Europe

public interest has been shifted from domestic to foreign affairs. Attention has been diverted from our own distressing problems to the difficulties of the present situation in Eastern Europe, in the Balkans and in the Mediterranean.

President Roosevelt's foreign policy is based on the assumption that the conflict which threatens in Europe between the Rome-Berlin axis and the London-Paris axis profoundly affects our interests. A general war in Europe threatens Western civilization in which we have a large stake. Such a war can be prevented, the President thinks, if the "free" nations make a show of sufficient force to impress the dictators. With this in view he has warned the dictators that any war they force on Europe will involve the destinies of the United States. In other words, we shall come to the assistance of the London-Paris axis.

In speaking as he does, the President, although departing radically from traditional American policies, follows the true American pattern. We raise all international issues to a moral plane. In the World War we fought—so we were made to believe—to make the world safe for democracy. Now we are invited to prepare to enter a war to rescue the "free" nations from the onslaughts of the dictators. We are to save Western civilization!

Now such a view of the situation in Europe is too naïve to merit serious consideration. And yet it is offered to us as a reason for our embroilment in Europe's next war. As a matter of fact, the war that threatens is not one of ideologies but of interests—and of interests that do not even remotely concern us Americans.

We have said before—and we repeat—that one of the best antidotes for war propaganda is an understanding of the actual issues at stake in Europe and the causes leading up to the present threatening situation. We recommend to our readers the article "Europe: Home of Crises" by Douglas Woodruff which appears in this issue. Mr. Woodruff, formerly of *The Times* of London, is one of the best-informed writers of the day on contemporary European affairs. After a careful perusal of this article the reader may well ask himself what possible interest we Americans could have in the conflict in which some of our highest officials would apparently have us engage.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's appeal to the dictators for a ten-year pledge of non-aggression against certain states was a beautiful but futile gesture. Only a short time

## The President's Appeal

before, the President had been denouncing and threatening the dictators, and then in the role of a neutral he asks them to make a public confession that they are the ones guilty of disturbing European peace but that they will hereafter—at his request—amend their ways.

Now President Roosevelt is not so naïve as to think

that his appeal would have any effect in altering the course taken by Hitler and Mussolini. He is sufficiently acquainted with the ways of these two gentlemen to know that if they don't care a snap of their fingers for past agreements they could not be trusted even though they gave the pledge requested.

Why then did he make his appeal? His political enemies consider it a mere bid for popularity as a world peacemaker—perhaps even a straw-in-the-wind, indicating third-term aspirations. A much more likely explanation is that the President foresaw that his appeal would be refused but he wanted to be able to say: "I have done everything possible to secure peace and I have been rebuffed. Hitler and Mussolini do not want peace but war. We must therefore make all preparations possible to help the democracies in their fight against the dictatorships." It won't be put that bluntly, but that will be the substance of it.

As a matter of fact there is only one person who by reason of his exalted position, above all national ties and all racial hatreds, can make an effective appeal for peace. Needless to say, that person is Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, the Vicar on earth of the Prince of Peace. How much better off the world would be today if it had heeded the pleadings of Benedict XV for a peace without victory—an appeal in which the present Holy Father had an important part. If the world again turns a deaf ear to the pleadings of the Father of Christendom, it will do so at a cost to itself which it is terrifying to consider even in anticipation.

WE AMERICANS have always been interested in European affairs. Up to the present, except for a few unhappy lapses, that interest has been more or less platonic. In

### A Little Good Advice

the past few months, however, it has been becoming less platonic and more and more emotional and practical. This is evident from various pronouncements of the President, from the declarations of officials in Washington, and—last but not least—from the opinions of the man in the street as evidenced by the findings of the Gallup poll.

Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State in the administration of Woodrow Wilson, and who therefore knows something about neutrality and related matters, said recently in a speech in New York: "We have become so responsive to every shift and turn of European move and counter-move that we could hardly be more so if we were a puppet state in Southeastern Europe, even a member of the Balkan League itself."

And Mr. Colby went on to say something which some of our omniscient legislators and bureaucrats in Washington should take to heart: "We in this country know next to nothing about Southeastern Europe, nothing that approaches true insight into its problems or their mastery. I doubt if there is a man in Washington who understands these problems of race, religion, language, history, hatreds, rivalries, blood-feuds, duplicities, ambitions and aspirations which determine the conduct and policies of these irreconcilable fragments of national existence."

But then perhaps the administration in Washington has learned a lesson from the dictators which it despises so heartily—that one of the best ways of diverting atten-

tion from trouble at home is to direct attention to trouble abroad. As a matter of fact, we really have problems at home much more important to us than the balance of power in Eastern Europe or the safety of Britain's life-line in the Mediterranean. But then our problems are near at home—and therefore much more difficult to solve.

THERE IS a real need that Congress should adopt a formula of neutrality legislation that will have the effect for which it is intended. We heartily agree with

### Real American Neutrality

a recent statement of Senator David I. Walsh to the effect that "a neutrality law which gives to the Executive Department latitude to deviate from the policy of strictest neutrality between belligerents is pregnant with danger. . . . To lend the weight of our great influence or express a direct or implied pledge of support to any one side of an international controversy is to invite hostility likely to result in our involvement in war. Such a policy is offensive to that broad spirit of neutrality which the American people insist that their government preserve in all circumstances."

Although we need strict neutrality legislation it alone will not keep us out of war. Neutrality legislation does not work like magic. We need a sincere and convinced personal neutrality which will keep us neutral in spite of the fact that our sympathies are preponderantly with one side. We must be thoroughly resolved to hold ourselves aloof and not to allow our emotions to draw us into the conflict. We must recognize propaganda for what it is and assess it at its true value. We must avoid the mass hysteria too often consequent on newspaper stories of war atrocities, many of which are the inventions of paid propagandists. We must remember that to abandon the spirit of neutrality is to take the first and most dangerous step toward abandoning all neutrality.

ONE of the unforeseen results of racism gone mad in Europe is the reaction which its theories have evoked in other parts of the world. Regardless of creed or color,

### American Negroes Appeal to the Church

intelligent men have torn off the masks of racial purists to find beneath—deforimity or fear. Persecution of others, it has been discovered, at least postpones criticism by the masses of those who are inspiring hate.

There is a bloodless technique, however, which oppresses as mercilessly as that which uses the sword. It may be bitter; it may be callously indifferent. Those who have scanned the papers of former years or tramped the streets and have seen: "No Irish Need Apply" or "Catholics Not Wanted" have felt this cruelty.

It is not to be wondered at that the Negroes of the United States have taken advantage of the present resentment against racism, to present their case. What requires comment is the feeling amongst them—that the Catholic Church is best equipped to eliminate the obstacles which stand in the way of racial justice here.

A direct plea, "Teach Men How to Live," appeared in *The Call*, an influential Negro newspaper of Kansas City, Mo. It paid tribute to the universality and the

moral influence of the Catholic Church and begged that this ideal organization for peace apply itself to end the strife which is born of racial injustices. A first step suggested is that more Catholic schools and colleges be opened to Negroes to train them as leaders.

It would be a libel on the Church in this country to say that it has done nothing for the Negroes. But it would be equally far from the truth to pretend that more cannot be done. Here we have a direct appeal from the Negroes themselves. It is like the cry from Macedonia which Paul the Apostle heard.

GENERALISSIMO FRANCISCO FRANCO has been a double disappointment to his enemies abroad. He has defeated the Spanish Reds on the field of battle and he has not

### Franco and His Enemies

committed the acts of reprisal which were so freely foretold by those who hate him and all he stands for. His enemies have been unable to point to a single case in which the punishment inflicted was not well merited.

In his article on "The New Spain" on Page 620 of this issue, Father Owen B. McGuire quotes the appeal which Franco made to the people of Barcelona when he entered that city. It is worth repeating here, as it shows how false are the pictures which his enemies paint of this man who has on all occasions shown himself a Christian gentleman: "People of Catalonia! I appeal to you not to give way to any act of reprisal against those who have made you suffer so long. Justice must not be confounded with revenge. Our victory must be worthy. Let pardon and clemency be the true chastisement of those who have deceived you. Only the leaders have been responsible and they have fled with their booty."

For Generalissimo Franco to grant a general amnesty for all who had committed crimes would be an act of grave injustice. By the laws of any civilized country large numbers of the captives who have fallen into the hands of the Nationalist troops have been guilty of crimes punishable by death or imprisonment. Among them are men who killed people for no other reason than that they were suspected of Rightist sympathies or even of professing the Catholic Faith, who burned and pillaged churches, denounced private enemies to procure their destruction and who were guilty of innumerable other crimes.

The Spanish Minister of the Interior very well said that it is impossible to unite Spain if people are expected to live in towns and villages side by side with those whom they and their neighbors know to have committed such crimes.

SCORES of plans for social reconstruction appeared in several countries shortly after the World War. One, which became known as the "Bishops' Program," was

### Bishops' Program of Reconstruction

issued by the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council. It opened with words that caused wide discussion—words which in some quarters were regarded as radical: "The ending of the Great War has brought peace. But the only safeguard of peace is social justice and a con-

tented people." How strange that statement seemed to many then!

Twenty years have passed since that pronouncement. It must give thought to those who are forever harping on the Church's passivity and the hierarchy's ultra-conservatism that ten of the eleven principal proposals of that reconstruction program are now either wholly or partially incorporated into law.

Everyone is familiar now with what were then very advanced ideas: minimum wage legislation, insurance against unemployment, sickness, old age, etc., public housing for the working classes, a minimum age limit for working children, the legal enforcement of the right of labor to organize, effective control of monopolies, prevention of excessive profits and incomes, etc., etc. One of the proposals—the participation of labor in management and a wider distribution of property through co-operative enterprises and worker ownership in the stock of corporations—has made little progress.

But the "Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction," now being reprinted by N.C.W.C., stands as proof of our American hierarchy's sense and vision of social needs. It would be well for those who have adopted the "Why-don't-they-do-something?" attitude to change it to—"Let's do our part in translating these splendid proposals into facts."

THE SIGN office has been very much astir in recent weeks with the work of preparing the improvements which are quite evident in the current issue of the magazine.

### Credit to Our Craftsmen

Artists, typographers, engravers, printers and paper specialists have all assembled many times for consultation. They have all given unstintingly of their knowledge and experience.

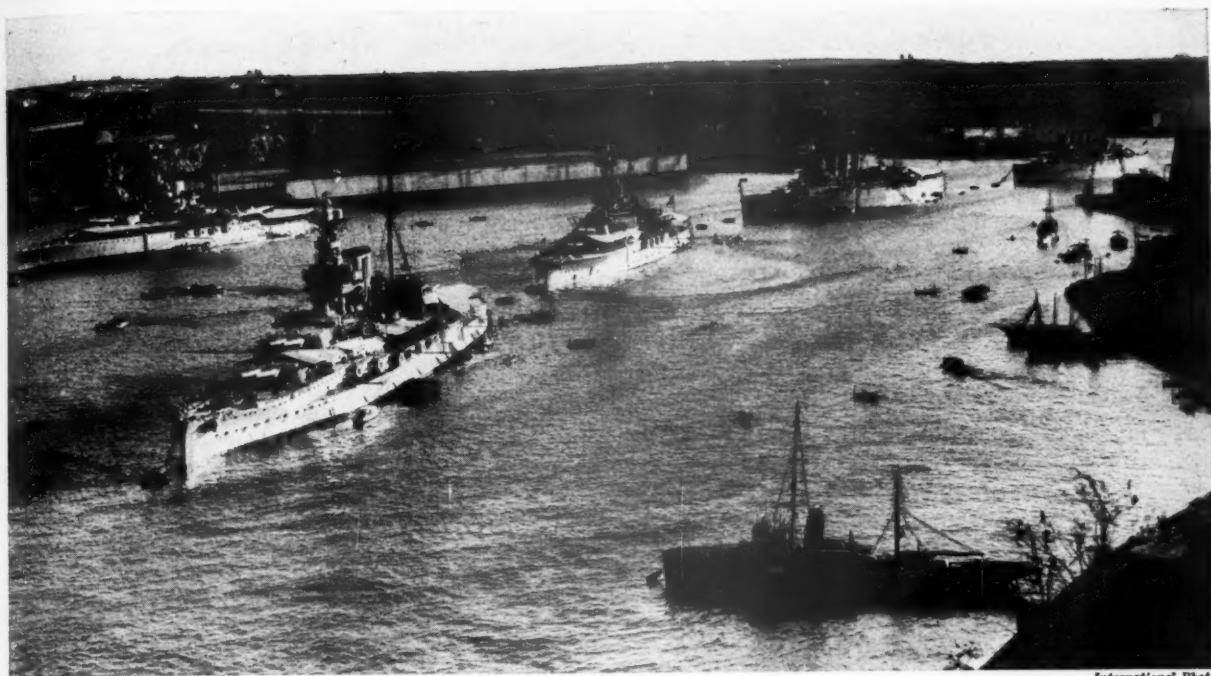
Well-merited acknowledgment is given to the artist, Mr. Paul Kinnear, on the Personal Mention page of this issue (P. 578). Acknowledgment and thanks are also due, in a particular manner, to the following type specialists: Mr. James Goggins, formerly of Cuneo Press and now with the Progressive Composition Company; Mr. Matt Ambrose of Cuneo Press; and Mr. Stefan Salter of the American Book-Stratford Press. To all others who helped we extend our sincere thanks.

The result of all this effort is that the SIGN, typographically and artistically, is the work of recognized masters. Even to the ordinary layman, inexperienced in these matters, the improvements are evident. They become more so by juxtaposition of the old with the new.

The art of presenting the printed word in an attractive manner has made rapid strides in recent years. Photographs and illustrations, more than ever before, have been made to serve not only in arousing interest but in helping to convey in a visual manner the thought contained in the printed word.

The editors of THE SIGN are making every effort to use all these means at their disposal to present to the reader the best Catholic thought in the best and most attractive manner. We hope and trust that we are succeeding.

May we ask our readers for their continued support and co-operation. It is only with their help that we can carry on and advance the work that we are doing for the cause of Catholic Literature and for the support of our priests and Sisters in China.



International Photo

*Ships of the British Navy gather at Malta to guard Britain's life-line through the Mediterranean*

# Europe: Home of Crises

*An Expert in Contemporary European Affairs Describes the Present Tense Situation in Europe and the Various Causes That Have Helped to Produce It*

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

**T**HE RECIPROCAL PLEDGE which the British Government has given to Poland, the first gesture of a new policy, has been welcomed or accepted without opposition, by all shades of opinion in Great Britain. Yet it marks, and it is held as marking, a great departure from the traditions of British foreign policy which greatly disliked definite commitments in Eastern Europe.

How has this momentous change come about, and what are the underlying reasons for it?

The first great truth to bear in mind is that Central and Eastern Europe were throughout the last century a disputed territory. Control over the lands of South Eastern Europe, which had been under the dominion of the Turk, was coveted by Russia and by Austria-Hungary. It was British policy to keep the Turkish power in existence because a weak Turkey was, from the British

point of view, a useful buffer keeping any other power away from the Straits and the Levant. The Russians were considered much the more formidable threat, and the Crimean war was fought to push them back. The Russians considered themselves the chief Slav power, and the Czar formerly proclaimed himself the defender of the Slav people.

As the Slav peoples are freely intermixed through Central Europe, and as they were bound by a common religion to Russia, the racial and religious bond was a real thing, and Russian opposition was a real check to Pan-Germanism, and the southward pressure of the Teutonic peoples. As Prussia took the lead after 1870 Vienna rested on Berlin, and Budapest on Vienna, and the Great War of 1914 came about through a conflict between Vienna and the Serbians of Belgrade. Ultimately behind Budapest stood

Berlin, and behind Belgrade St. Petersburg, and the Russians stood in alliance with France.

It had been the great achievement of Bismarck's diplomacy to keep the new German Empire on reasonably good terms with Russia. The two powers had a common interest in holding down partitioned Poland, but Bismarck was removed by the impetuous Emperor William II in 1890 and William II lacked the tact and patience of Bismarck. He asserted German importance with a new dynamic emphasis and Russia and France drew together instinctively in the 'nineties', just as France and Britain did ten years later.

The Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 did much more than take Russia out of the war. It destroyed the old balance, for it took Russia out of central Europe. The peoples like the Slovaks and the Poles who rose again or achieved recognition for

the first time were Catholic peoples, anxious indeed to be independent of the galling Germanic overlordship, but feeling a much greater horror and dread of the new Bolshevik tyranny. Poland suffered a Bolshevik invasion in 1920. Bavaria, Hungary, Bulgaria, all had brief experiences of Communist rule, just as, in 1919-1920 Italy saw the Red light.

There exists, in consequence, throughout the countries of Central Europe a realistic appreciation of the Red menace, such as is wholly lacking in the happier countries like Great Britain and America, who have only read about that menace and have never undergone any experience of it. The result has been a void which we have only realized since the rise of Nazi Germany. One of the old counterpoises has come back. The German pressure has begun again, but the opposing Slav counterpoise which the old Russia used to provide is non-existent. Until the Germans recovered their strength this was not felt. From 1919-1933 both Germany and Russia were out of the Central European field and the two great powers were France and Italy.

Both France and Italy had gained an enormous thing by the Allied victory, the dismemberment of the second Germanic power, the old Austria-Hungary. This was the enemy against which Italy had specifically fought. Italy did not get as much of the carcass as her statesmen had hoped. The Adriatic, instead of being really made *Mare Nostrum* for the Italians, had to provide a full coast-line for the new state, Yugoslavia. But the Italians did exchange the neighborhood of a unified German power for the neighborhood of a great number of powers all much smaller than Italy, and among them the new Italy of the Fascists could easily play a leading part.

France and Italy did not see eye to eye. The French approach to Central Europe was military and strategic. The French built and supported the Little Entente, composed of the three states which had been most enriched with territory at the expense of Austria and Hungary: the new composite Czechoslovakia, enlarged Serbia, rechristened Yugoslavia, and the greatly enlarged Rumania. The French wanted these countries to be able to maintain

adequate armies, but were less interested in their economic foundations which were from the first unsound, because well-armed states need large revenues only to be obtained by tariff walls. Up went the walls and the Danube Basin lost its economic unity; and each country complained of its neighbors' tariffs, but maintained its own.

Italy, which very much needed Central Europe for its own trade, continually sought to improve the economic position and came little by little to be the champion of the two smallest political units, Austria which was but Vienna and the countryside, and Hungary, shorn of two-thirds of its territory. The Italians sought by agreements like the Rome Protocols to build up the trade of these small states to use them as a first step towards a larger economic unity in the whole Danube Valley. But the Italians were not industrially strong enough to make a great difference. They could not take any large quantity of the agricultural exports or the manufactures of Central Europe.

More and more, after the crisis of 1931, the statesmen of all Central European countries wished they belonged to some larger unit and

could be more sure of markets. It was among countries primarily agricultural in a world very reluctant to buy agricultural produce that the new Germany appeared, eager to exchange manufactures for primary materials. The year 1933 marked the beginning of the new Germany, using politics and trade to support a pressing forward east and south-east. The new Germany encountered no opposition from Russia. The Bolsheviks were still in power in Moscow but they were absorbed in the vast undertaking of collectivizing a peasant population. A counterpoise had to be provided by France and Italy with some rather half-hearted British support.

The leadership of both these countries was in a sense unnatural; France acted from a distance, and was not a great buyer or seller; Italy was on the spot, but was equally restricted in trading capacity. The presence of these two powers as the leading influences was against both geography and history; their predominance was never likely to last, but, with the support of Great Britain and the League system settled at Geneva, it fulfilled a temporary purpose. The two powers drew closer together in 1933, after the Nazis had



German troops officially take over a town in Czechoslovakia

Black Star Photo

come to power in Germany. M. Barthou, the French foreign minister, made his famous, abortive, tour of Central Europe, seeking to build up a network of defensive alliances in 1934.

At that time, the gulf between French and Italian views on Central Europe was marked; the Italians wanted Treaty revision in order to produce good relations between Austria and Hungary, the chief victims of the peace, on the one side, and the Little Entente on the other. The French wanted the fullest support of the Little Entente powers, who were all three interested in seeing that the peace treaties were not revised. In particular, the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia were very strained, for Yugoslavia had been the chief gainer when the Italian hopes were disappointed in 1919. The King of Yugoslavia and M. Barthou were both murdered at Marseilles late in 1934, and the murderer was traced to Hungary, a country under the special protection of the Italians. Feeling in Yugoslavia and in France flared up against Italy, but so important was it considered that France and Italy should continue to work together that the League of Nations fastened on Hungary as the power solely responsible.

The murder of Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, in the summer of 1934 by the Austrian Nazis, resting on Germany, marked in dramatic and sinister fashion the effective re-entry of Germany on the Central European stage. The Nazi "Putsch" miscarried, but German influence increased, both in Austria and in Hungary. If one asks why M. Barthou was so very unsuccessful in building a common front the answer lies partly in the French coldness to any suggestion that the treaty frontiers might be revised, and partly to the rash *rapprochement* between France and the Soviet.

The year of 1934 saw the entry of Russia into the Council of the League, which up till then had been, for fifteen years, the object of violent Communist denunciations as the nest of predatory, imperialist, capitalism. Russia and France, in short, drew together as they had done in the eighteen-nineties, because Germany looked like a menace to them both. The great difference was that the Russia of



International Photo

A British naval plane dropping a torpedo in practice maneuvers

the 'nineties' was a real force in Central Europe as the leader of the Slav peoples, whereas the Russia of 1934 was dreaded and feared by those same peoples more than they dreaded or feared the Germans. Only one country, Czechoslovakia, did not shrink from the Paris-Moscow Axis and let Prague become a middle term.

Russia, in the person of Maxim Litvinov, began to work the Geneva system, and within a year of Russia's entry to the Council, the chance came to use the League against Italy. Very appropriately, Dr. Benes was the President of the League Assembly at the time. In 1935 the French were in two minds. M. Laval had made friends with Italy in January, so that France and Italy could support an independent Austria, because if Austria went, Czechoslovakia was surrounded on three sides, and if the Italian friendship went, the French could only reach Central Europe by crossing the Rhine.

One school of thought in France, which included many people far to the Left, like Madame Tabouis, saw this clearly, and was in favor of using any device at Geneva, such as the expulsion of Ethiopia for the notorious non-fulfillment of pledges to abolish slavery, so that the Franco-Italian front could be kept. The other school of thought wanted to build the Soviet and Britain into

a common front against the Nazis by using the League covenant, and argued that it was essential that the Covenant should not be discredited; it had failed against Japan because no great power was ready to act in the Far East; if it failed against Italy it would be finished, and, they argued, success against Italy ought not to be difficult.

This was the attitude of British public opinion, mobilized in 1935 by a peace ballot of the League of Nations Union, and too strong for the Baldwin Government, which made the British put pressure on the French, and force the rupture between France and Italy. Italy was driven into opposition, and while the relations were at their worst, in March 1936, Herr Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, in defiance of the Locarno treaties. The French statesmen hurried to London, but the British were not prepared to join them in compelling Germany to withdraw. The British view at that time was that it was proving difficult enough to force the Italians to observe the Covenant without also trying to make the Germans observe Locarno.

The extreme shortsightedness of responsible British opinion is on permanent record in Hansard, in the debate of December 19th, 1935, on the enforced resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare. No speaker made the point that the only effect of

quarrelling with Italy must be to hasten the German predominance in Europe. But the shortsightedness of the French was even greater; six months later, when the Popular Front Government of M. Blum had come into power in France, the Germans had got away with their re-occupation of their Rhine frontier. The only remaining possibility, if France was to play any part in Central Europe, was to compose the Italian quarrel.

**S**IGNOR MUSSOLINI, disquieted at the German coup in March, had to wait through April and May for the result of the French elections, to see who would be in power. At the end of May, he transmitted, through a French journalist, Bertrand de Jouvenel, an olive branch to M. Blum. Huge consequences turned on M. Blum at that juncture; the fate of Austria, and with it, Czechoslovakia. But M. Blum, the incarnation of Judaeo-Masonic anti-fascism, was only sorry that he had come to power just too late to stop the conquest of Ethiopia which the Italians had achieved in May.

Blum repelled the overtures, and in July, when the Spanish Civil War burst into flame, the quarrel between the Italy of Mussolini and the France of the Popular Front, each espousing one of the sides in Spain, achieved a new depth and intensity. Signor Mussolini abruptly abandoned the policy Italy had pursued for so long and joined forces with Germany; and in 1936 the Rome-Berlin Axis was born.

The Popular Front of 1936 has been the supreme disaster of post-war French history. It has given the French Italy and Spain, as uneasy neighbors and potential foes, where a different regime in France could have given France the friendship of both countries. Weakened by disunion at home, and by the consequences of a foreign policy inspired by political passion, the French found themselves in 1937 and 1938 and 1939, powerless to support Austria, to honor their treaties with Czechoslovakia, or to maintain Czech independence.

It is in these circumstances that the British Government is seeking to restore an equilibrium in Central Europe to delay the pace and to mitigate the character of the Nazi

expansion. Mr. Chamberlain's first effort to achieve an agreement with Italy has been more successful in the letter than the spirit. He hoped to give the Italians a new freedom of action, so that they could resume the part of mediator in Central Europe instead of playing the part of junior partner in the Axis. The Italians distrust the Germans, fear their predominance, but the Duce does not feel sure enough of English support, which is very dependent on the vicissitudes of English domestic politics, nor of French support, to risk anything that might break the Axis. His philosophy was summed up after the Anschluss, which fact gravely disquieted the Italian people, when he said that if a thing is fated to happen, it is better that it should happen with you rather than against you. He spoke in reference to a particular event, the Nazi seizure of Austria, but the judgment is applicable much more widely to the whole trend towards Nazi predominance in Central Europe.

A year from now, the General election is due in France. The French may by then have moved their Government on to an authoritarian basis, as nearly every other country in Europe has had to do since 1933. Already France is being governed, most of the time, under special powers, the role of the Chamber of Deputies being increasingly circumscribed. The times are too serious for much parliamentary life. But if the election is held, and results, as it is expected to result, in the disappearance of the Popular Front, and the coming of a National Government resting on a predominant Right, the relations of France with both Italy and Spain may be greatly improved. But twelve months is a very long time off when one considers the pace at which Europe is changing.

**T**HE British Government has accordingly to make calculations, expecting Italy to continue in alliance with Germany. As long as that alliance continues, the Mediterranean would be highly perilous in war. Neither French nor British troops or supplies could be got to Poland or Rumania, except by making the most elaborate and slow detours. The British Opposition, which is very naïve, thinks of Russia, as the British public was encouraged to

think of Russia in 1914, as a strong ally, and for them consequently, the problem is simple. They call for a large alliance in which the smaller powers nearer to Germany will be encouraged by knowing they have Russia, France, and Britain behind them; and French and British help would go through Russia.

Mr. Lloyd George, who in 1920, when the Poles, with their backs to the wall, were repelling the Bolshevik invasion, counselled the Poles to submit, today advocates putting pressure on them and making it a condition that they should accept Russian assistance. The Russians show no desire to promise that assistance; they offer membership of a collective system, with a generalized undertaking, and this is the very thing the small powers are extremely anxious to avoid, lest the Germans accuse them of joining in a conspiracy to encircle Germany. The British, consequently, are following rather closely in the footsteps of M. Barthou in 1934, a journey which led to inauspiciously meager results.

**W**HAT are the motives for British change of policy? There is the feeling that unless Britain offers help, Germany's smaller neighbors may be reduced, one by one, to the status of protectorates of the Reich. The treatment of the Czechs and the Slovaks has been defended officially in Germany on grounds, all of which would justify similar action anywhere else. It remains a mystery why the German Fuehrer acted as he did in March. Lord Runciman's letter of September 20th had made it quite plain that the Sudeten German area could not be kept outside the Reich, and that when it had been handed over, the economic and political life of the Czechs would have to be lived, as it has been lived through the centuries, inside the German orbit. There was no real stopping place between an independent state, effectively maintained by other powers, and a reversion to the historical position of a Germanic overlordship, with more or less local autonomy for peoples too small and badly placed to be an independent sovereign state.

But just because the nature of things placed this part of the world under the influence of the Reich, it is inexplicable why Herr Hitler



Tension in Europe has caused increased demands for news. A scene in London

did not let matters evolve gradually. For he destroyed at a blow Mr. Chamberlain's policy and wiped out the Trade Talks which were to begin the following week. Mr. Chamberlain appeared before his countrymen in an extremely strong position to lead a united nation if he took an anti-German line, in a terribly weak one if he should attempt to persist in a policy of discussions. He had plainly been tricked, because he had attached great weight in September to the assurances made to him, both publicly and privately, by the Fuehrer, that with the absorption of the Sudeten Germans, the last of the territorial claims of the Reich would be met. These assurances were made with much earnestness, and were accepted. Mr. Chamberlain's September speeches, notably his broadcast between his second and third visits to Germany, always envisaged the possibility that the worship of force would have to be met by force; that an attempt at an ever-widening domination would have to be withstood.

Six months later Mr. Chamberlain was saying the same thing, but with a new emphasis. Very remarkable was the admission by the British Government that it had no definite information of Nazi menaces to Poland. Since September rumors in all directions have been constant. Such rumors, spreading uncertainty, have many uses for many people. To the Nazis they are a smoke screen. To speculators, on the Bourses, notably the Amsterdam Bourse, they are the raw material of business; to newspapers they are lively copy. March was a month particularly rife in rumors, but January

and February had had their detailed stories of a planned Nazi invasion of Holland. But Mr. Chamberlain, in offering a contingent guarantee which the Poles have accepted, did not need to demonstrate that threats had in fact been made against Poland, for they had certainly been made against Lithuania.

Last December, when Mr. Chamberlain was already growing despondent, he spoke publicly about the transitory character of political regimes. The Germans and Italians are particularly well placed for immediate action, and badly placed for sustained exertion. Germany today has a vast equipment which is proving an enormous strain to maintain; the government takes more and more of the national income, and now commandeers something like half. There is no margin for the extra burdens of war. For a long time the Germans have taken advantage of the extreme reluctance of the French and the British to envisage war, and now the British are getting increasingly reconciled to the idea, and anxious to impress upon the Germans that if a war begins it will not be a short one.

Mr. Chamberlain personifies the British reluctance to consider war inevitable, a reluctance which rests on the experience of last time. Wars can only be won by working up public opinion to such a pitch that it becomes politically impossible to stop short of victory or defeat, or to make a moderate peace; and from a peace that is not moderate new wars plainly spring. Men entered the last war against Germany to cries about removing the menaces of Prussian militarism, getting rid of a caste,

and making the world safe for democracy. But the destruction of the old dynasties and the old institutions left the field clear for the Nazi movement, which reproduces the features of the Hohenzollerns without any softening influences.

The first replies of the Axis powers to the British initiative for a defensive agreement among the powers have come immediately. Italy has seized the other mouth of the Adriatic, making Albania, which was under Italian protection, into a military basis, whereby Italy and Germany, through Hungary, could achieve a common front in the east, cutting off Yugoslavia from the Balkan entente. This action followed staff talks at Innsbruck between German and Italian commanders. It is thought that Italy on the mainland may prove a certain counterpoise to Germany later on, and that the sudden high-handed action against Albania will cement the relations of Greece and Turkey.

But it is a bad omen for peace; it is a further sign that Signor Mussolini has indeed chosen his path, and that Mr. Chamberlain's Italian policy has come too late.

# CHARITY

## Behind the Wheel

**T**HE IDEA came to me this afternoon as I was driving home from a retreat, full of good thoughts. I was planning to be so nice to my family when I reached home, so helpful, so courteous. I would run with a smile to fetch anything anybody wanted. I would never let my plans interfere with my duties as family chauffeur. I would even stop smoking—well, not all at once, but I would certainly cut down the number of cigarettes, with a view to total abstinence in a short time.

Nothing would be allowed to stand in the way of my spiritual perfection. I would go on and on until—oh, well, who could tell what might be the results once I had given free play to the spiritual impulses that had been generated by the retreat I had just made.

I was driving along the highway, contemplating this pleasing vision of myself as almost too good for earth, when I saw a chance to pass the car in front of me—not much of a chance—there was a trolley car ahead getting ready to stop, and a red light at the crossing. I made it, though the car I passed honked angrily, and I had to pull up quickly to avoid killing several people who were disembarking from the trolley. I felt complacently skillful and victorious as I waited for the light to change.

Just as the yellow signal turned green, an old lady started across the road to board the trolley. I blew the horn; she looked startled and retired to the sidewalk. I proceeded on my way rejoicing, when St. Christopher suddenly whispered "What's the hurry?" and my Guardian Angel added "Was that nice?"



By MARY PERKINS

I turned down a side road, away from the lights and the hurrying cars, and considered my sins with bitterness of soul. Then it occurred to me that I had found a fertile field for mortification. I could shelve the question of smoking for a while. I drove carefully home, and arrived just in time for tea.

Now I am trying to discover what principles a saint would apply to his driving. We all have pictures of how a saint walks with his eyes cast down, or how he sits on a hard chair without leaning against the back or crossing his legs; but nobody has a picture of a saint driving an automobile. On the other hand, such pictures as we make of saints' activities are full of inaccuracies anyway, so the use of reason and common sense ought to be more useful.

Supposing that a saint had to drive, how would he do it? We are told that saints practice the four cardinal virtues and the three theological virtues in an heroic degree. Obviously, to drive a car for any length of time in a modern city without killing yourself or anyone else, you need considerable prudence, justice, fortitude and temper-

ance. But the Christian would be using faith, hope and charity as well.

My state of mind while driving hitherto has been full of faith and hope, it seems to me, but completely devoid of charity. I believe and I hope that St. Christopher and my Guardian Angel will guard and guide me to my destination without serious mishap. Of course if I had more faith and hope I would be in less of a hurry, and be more relaxed while driving, which would save me large amounts of nervous energy. But without charity I must be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals: the sound of my car coming down the road certainly resembles both.

But charity! There are so many stupid people on the road and so many malicious ones. There are those horrid big trucks and those impertinent little trucks. There are the idiots who "go driving" with their large families on Sundays. There are the imbecile women drivers who can never make up their minds which way to turn. There are the wicked men drivers who go out of their way to annoy me. There are the rude policemen who hold up their hands just as I arrive, who watch behind bushes for the one minute when I am going over forty miles an hour, who change the green light red when they see me coming. In fact, there are really no good drivers but myself; everyone else should be kept off the roads, and it is a wonder that the police do not seem to know it.

Now I shall have to change this perfectly reasonable state of mind. I suppose I shall have to act as if all these people were my neighbors, to be loved and treated as such. I

shall certainly need a great deal of supernatural help even to begin to do so. I shall need a large increase of faith in order to hold such a strange and unlikely truth. A Sunday driver my brother! Or a pedestrian! The revolution in thought will undoubtedly be the most mortifying aspect of this penitential program.

It is quite curious to find that such a revolution is so necessary, for I usually think kindly thoughts about my fellow men. I suppose that the relation of one driver to all the other drivers is one of those strange modern phenomena, like that of employer to employee or politician to citizen. It is lost between the personal and the impersonal, having all the disadvantages of both. How hard it will be to think of all these other drivers as separate human beings, to be treated with brotherly love!

The practice of such charity will be difficult too, but I suppose it will become easier as I grow more accustomed to the proper attitude of mind. I shall have to give up that malevolent glare which I use on truck-drivers, and that cynical world-weary look of disgust with which I have been trying to reform women drivers and pedestrians. Perhaps they have never noticed it anyway. I will refrain from asking, even mentally, "Where do you think you're going?" as well as stronger expressions which no lady should use in any case.

I shall have to refrain from an impatient honk when the woman in the car ahead stalls her engine and cannot start as the light changes; when she absent-mindedly waits half a second longer than she should before she gets under way; or when the policeman is chatting with a friend and pays no attention to the fact that I am in a hurry. Moreover, I must credit all these people with as good intentions as my own, remembering that they mean well, are probably doing their best, and not willfully interfering with my peaceful progress.

Practically speaking, I suppose it will not take me much longer to arrive at my various destinations. I have long suspected that you get where you wish in about the same length of time whether or not you think of yourself as Paul Revere, or Mercury, or the people who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix. I

will wait a few seconds longer to let a car go by when I could just cut in front of him. The driver who has been trying to get out of his parking space into my line of traffic will be given the time necessary for this maneuver, as will the driver who is having difficulty in parking. I will never pass people simply because I do not like the look of their cars, nor will I speed up when a car tries to pass me. I will never show off my skill for the benefit of my passengers. As a matter of fact, it usually scares the women, and men do not really like a woman to be ostentatiously skillful at anything.

On the other hand, I will be alert myself at red lights. I will stay on the right side of the road. I will always make the proper signals before turning or stopping. I will not change my mind in the middle of a crossing. If I have to look at a sign, I will do so from the side of the road, not the middle. I will do all the things I expect other people to do.

When I park, I will try to do it so that the cars in front and back of me have a reasonable chance to get out. If there is space enough for two,



I will not park in the middle of it. I will never leave my car in the middle of the street when I am running in somewhere just for a minute. I will never double-park unless I stay in the car.

Then there is the question of charity to pedestrians. I will not blow my horn at them unless it is absolutely necessary in order to preserve their lives. I will give them ample time to cross the street in tranquil safety, especially old ladies, old gentlemen, the crippled, and women wheeling baby-carriages. I

will allow females to act like hens if they must, waiting patiently while they make up their minds which way to go. I will smile and wave ahead any poor soul who is caught between two lines of traffic, his toes in danger on one side, his hat on the other. After all, I was once a pedestrian myself.

Of course, if everyone else did all these things, the world would be a nicer place to drive in, but someone must begin.

Alone in my little room, I considered this wonderful program of constructive penance. It will involve a great deal of thought, alertness, and any amount of self-restraint. It should be very good for my soul—not to speak of the safety of my body. Perhaps my lovely influence will spread till all New England becomes a driver's Paradise, but even if my virtues are hidden and unnoticed by men, they will be the delight of the angels. St. Christopher and my Guardian Angel will be so pleased that not so much as a fender of my car will ever be scratched. When I drive like a saint from second nature, so to speak, perhaps I shall be so good that I shall have to give up smoking. But I feel quite sure that will not be necessary for a long time.

Having settled my future life so satisfactorily, I knelt down and prayed to Our Lady of the Way, and to St. Christopher and my Guardian Angel. Then I turned on the radio, as a return to earth and its habits. "Commissioner . . . warns motorists . . . early darkness . . . slippery roads . . . go slowly . . . courtesy . . . consideration. . . ." My beautiful road up the hill of perfection turned into one of those complicated clover-leaf crossings, leading not up but only on.

It was only too obvious that I should have been practicing all these virtues ever since I started to drive, that they are part of my duty as a citizen, not works of supererogation. All the highway officials, manufacturers of tires, and numerous associations of public-spirited citizens have been urging me for years towards such a policy.

Oh well, some of us do need a supernatural motive in order to be ordinarily decent. Can this be considered penance? I shall have to ask my Father Confessor. . . .

But just one more cigarette first!

# LIGHT *out of* DARKNESS

By RAPHAEL JOHNSON

**M**ISFORTUNES, we are told, may well prove blessings in disguise. Father Hearty phrases it differently. He says, "Here as elsewhere, God's Providence works by means beyond our knowing."

That is his preface when the rare visitors at the little port of Tinambi ask the youthful missionary to recount his experiences. Then he cites instances drawn from his five years of labor among the poor, half-naked blacks down there in the Northern Solomon Islands.

The most striking intervention of Providence in his experience—that which is related here—he does not always tell, since many visitors have already heard of it. This event enabled the missionary to win his greatest victory, the conversion, not of a family alone, but of an entire tribe. Yet it is doubtful whether Father Hearty realizes that another providential accident, a misfortune, if you will, also played an important part in enabling him to win his victory.

This accident was Kinba's fall from the galip tree.

Kinba was the eldest son of a chief. He was born back in the hills in country that is called "uncontrolled territory" because local administration still rests in native hands. When misfortune struck him he was barely thirteen years old, and just beginning to demonstrate his fitness to succeed his father.

The galip resembles a coconut tree. Unlike the coconut palms, which the natives swarm up, embracing the trunks and clinging catlike with strong, prehensile toes, galip trees are difficult to climb. They too have no lower branches, but they are taller and have thicker trunks.

The kinky-haired Melaneseans weave many-stranded bark ropes. These are thrown over lofty branches and strung from tree to tree. Agile youths swing like trapeze performers to reach the nut clusters, then lower them in baskets.

Because the warlike days have passed and a young man's prowess may no longer be judged by the heads he has taken, he first demonstrates his mettle thus.

When the tree harvest began that day, Kinba's mother squatted with the other women, a smooth stone in her hand to crack the shells when the nuts should be lowered. The silver column of steam from the cone of Reganna, the old volcano, stood straight and unwavering against a sky of intense blue. With



The bark noose slid free. And the chief's son plummeted to the earth, fifty feet below

inward foreboding she watched silently as her first-born climbed up the swaying strand of bark. The little black figure disappeared with the others among the tufted fronds.

She did not see him again until the nuts near the trunks had been gathered. Then began the more perilous task of garnering the clusters at the ends of branches. Clinging to their frail ropes the young men swung daringly. She saw her son swing out in a widening semi-circle of flight, saw his legs drawn up as he catapulted himself to the full reach of his rope and plucked a galip cluster from a topmost branch.

"That is well done!" said Sungani, the wizened *tuhunga*, head sorcerer of the tribe. "He is indeed the son of his father."

OTHER voices agreed. Tekala, the *kukerei* or chief, who sat with the *limbum*, his hardwood staff of office, in his hand, grunted approval.

"He should come down now!" his mother cried. Kinba was wrapping a rope about his waist.

One tree, taller than the rest, was forked near the top by a freak branch. No one had attempted to gather its nuts, for the branch looked dangerously frail. Kinba now made a whirling cast over his head, as he had been taught, and snared it. He swung off.

The branch splintered and sagged downward. The bark noose slid free. And the chief's son plummeted to the earth, fifty feet below.

The ground was soft, and another branch broke his fall somewhat, so Kinba did not die. For this fact the sorcerers, who chanted incantations to the spirits for many nights, claimed credit.

The sorcerers say that crippled beings, brute or human, are bringers of ill luck and harborers of evil spirits. Therefore, although not to be molested, they are to be avoided. From this taboo not even a chief's son is exempt.

One day when Reganna, the long-silent volcano, showed through the mists of the rainy season for the first time in many weeks, the sorcerers removed the bandages of magic herbs from Kinba's body. Thin and shaking he hobbled from his father's house. His mother saw with dismay that he was hunchbacked and lame. His shattered collarbone had knit awry and his broken right foot was

misshapen. He was a pitiable sight.

He limped about in the grassy village place like a frog with a broken leg.

"Behold, Mother," he called. "I shall soon climb again!"

Sungani, the wizard, pointed a skinny, prophetic arm. "The evil spirit in him defies us," he screamed. "This deformed one shall never take in hand the *limbum* of a chief."

White men were seldom seen in the hill country. In the days of Tekala's father parties of them had come to search the slopes of Mount Reganna for yellow metal. The hill people beat their drums and gathered to attack them. The sorcerers had given assurance of success, but the white men shot down the warriors of the tribe with merciless firesticks. Worse followed. The whites burned the villages and crops and drove the men with club and whip into labor gangs.

New laws were enforced. Village headmen were required to furnish bearers and laborers on demand. Disobedience of the invaders' orders was visited with dire punishment. Raids on other tribes were absolutely forbidden.

The sorcerers who had permitted these evils were tortured or exiled. Sungani now claimed the power to drive the interlopers from the hills. He presided over forbidden "singings" and sacrifices. And lo! the whites departed. The hill people gave all honor to Sungani, not knowing that the adventurers had failed to find the mother lode which they sought and that their pannings from the mountain streams had proved too scanty for profit.

SCIENTISTS, surveyors, prospectors, came occasionally. But the tribe had learned caution. At their coming lookouts sounded warning drums, and the people abandoned their huts of sac-sac leaf and fled with their children and their scant valuables into the jungle.

Native traders from the lowland sometimes brought accounts of another sort of white men, who were healers, not destroyers. In particular they spoke of one of them, a young man who was tall and smiled much, and who had a wooden house with an altar at which he prayed to a strange God. It was said that the spirits which eat flesh—tropical ulcers—were driven out by this white

man with needles which he thrust under the skin; furthermore that this priest claimed to heal souls also with a formula of prayers and water.

Sungani made these storytellers admit that some people with ulcers grew worse instead of better, and that some baptized children died. He declared that the smiling missionary was himself an evil spirit whose touch was death.

Even in the lowland villages sorcerers still went secretly among the people preaching fear of the smiling friend and protector whom the fisher boys called "our good fella white man who plenty savvy God."

Nevertheless, and despite distressingly meager financial aid from the outside world, the little mission headquarters at Tinambi was beginning to prosper. The fisher folk and the coconut growers received the Gospel with childlike faith and amazing understanding. The chapel had withstood the storms of two rainy seasons, and a school was being erected.

FATHER HEARTY gave his strength without stint, teaching, exhorting, distributing medicines, bestowing the Sacraments. Yet he was saddened in the heat of his joyous labors by the thought of what he was unable to do.

He had gained, according to his estimate, some three thousand natives for the Faith. In the hill country other thousands still dwelt in darkness. On clear mornings Father Hearty would stand in the chapel doorway and gaze at the cone of Mount Reganna, framed in the deep green of the jungle. The steam arising from its ancient crater became to him a pillar of cloud calling him to bring the Redeemer to the wild folk who dwelt in its shadow.

Once in an outlying village he encountered a party of these hillmen. They were bushy-haired and almost naked, some tattooed and some wearing bone ornaments in pierced nose or lip. Yet he seemed to see in these savages, with their primitive dignity, marks of a racial stamina greater than that of his poor lowlanders. His shepherd's zeal to bring them into his fold was redoubled.

Often he had petitioned for an assistant, but the laborers in the Prefecture of the Northern Solomons were pitifully few. It was not until his school was completed that an as-

sistant came. This was Father Schmidt, an earnest, ruddy-cheeked German youth, and but newly ordained.

After Father Schmidt had gained a sufficient acquaintance with the "pidgin" English of the Coast, Father Hearty hastened to make ready for his expedition. Rumor had it that prospectors had located a fresh vein of treasure and that a new incursion of gold-seekers impended. Particularly was he concerned by the story that one Sands, an adventurer notorious for violence and blasphemy, was planning to enter the interior from another port down the coast.

THE SOLOMONS lie below the tourist path, and the whites whom ordinary business brings there—captains, traders, officials—are an uncouth lot. Yet they have acquired a knowledge of the childlike native character that leads them to treat their dark-skinned brethren with a certain rough kindness.

Not so treasure seekers such as Sands. Hating the country and its people, despising the missionaries, whom they slander, such men respect neither the rights nor customs of the natives. Of Caucasian civilization they teach them only the vices.

Accordingly, Father Hearty prayed that the rumor might prove false, and hastened his preparations. At last, with three bare-footed bearers in *lava-lavas* and straw sun hats, he set out.

Toward midday of the fourth morning the little expedition, long-striding Father Hearty in the lead, toiled up a ridge. The upland jungle had thinned out so that the white glare above penetrated its roof.

"Sunstraight, Pater!" called Lobac, number-one bearer.

It was noon indeed. For the first time that morning the missionary noticed the hot clamminess of his white clothing. Unconsciously, he had quickened the pace as they neared the pillar of cloud. He ordered a halt. The bearers laid down their burdens.

Father Hearty distributed food and unrolled his map.

"We will reach the village we seek before sundown."

An unseen wooden drum throbbed somewhere in the jungle. The bearers hunched their shoulders and peered into the green fastnesses.

"Mebbe more better, Patere, we stop here; come that place when sun he very straight like now," suggested Lobac. The number-one bearer was a sturdy, broad-shouldered youth.

"Our Master will walk with us after sundown as well as now," said Father Hearty. "Are you tired, Teragi?"

Teragi was fifty years old, gray and somewhat bent, an ancient among his short-lived race. He had been the only boy the missionary could find who spoke a smattering of the hill language.

When the old fellow replied it was in pidgin. "Patere belong me—me fella young fella, no tired."

Father Hearty laughed. "And you, Sciva?"

The youngest bearer shook his head vigorously.

"A prayer then to the Queen of Heaven, and we will start." They made the sign of the cross after him. "Hail Mary, full of grace. . ."

He noted that the bearers' attention wandered. A rustling in the underbrush became a trampling of feet that closed in from both sides of the trail.

Save for the perang which Lobac wore to cut through the bush, the priest and his followers had no weapons.

Shadowy figures bulked larger in the green twilight. White men wearing topee helmets and carrying slung rifles. The strangers crashed into the path, a half dozen from each side. There was one Islander, a jet black fellow with long gorilla arms and an enormous pack. The whites, rough and unkempt, wore smaller packs of the type carried by prospectors. One squat, gross-bodied individual bore a pistol in his hand.

"Now then," he growled, blowing a whisky breath in Father Hearty's face, "give an account o' yerself." His bloodshot eyes were unfriendly. "Where you headin' with all these Kanakas?"

With quiet dignity, the priest told his errand.

"A snivellin' hypocritical missionary. I thought that's what you was when we seen yer black apes kneelin' around yer. Damn shame! A missionary with three bearers. You can keep the old man. We'll take the others." He returned his pistol and snatched Lobac's arm. "Come along, you fella Kanak."

Father Hearty seized the short

man's wrist and broke his hold on the bearer's arm. The short man whipped out the pistol.

"Have a care, Sands," warned a man with a scrubby, reddish beard.

"If you interfere with these boys," said the priest evenly, "you will have not only me to deal with but the Law as well."

His unflinching gaze stared the bully down. The gold-seekers held a muttered conference. The leader returned, scowling.

"All right, Holy Joe, you can keep yer niggers for now. But remember that Law you speak of gives us the right to 'rekersition' native help. Don't go puttin' the notion in the heads of these blacks that they don't have to work for us. And if you know what's good for yer, y' won't take the trail after us. D'ye hear?"

The priest's lips, for once, were unsmiling.

Sands swaggered off. His men filed after him up the steep trail.

Father Hearty had kept mastery over his anger. He fought now to overcome discouragement.

Sands' coming might frustrate his plans. The soldier of Christ had planned a tactical surprise. His survey map showed, further on, a branch trail high on the mountain-side, from which it would be easy, by turning down a certain watercourse, to descend on the village in flank.

HIS HOPE had been that he might enter the village with his message of peace and salvation before the hill folk had warning. It seemed hardly likely that their lookouts would watch this approach.

When the junction was reached he took the less-defined path, although its trodden grass revealed that others had recently passed before. At a halt an hour and a half later his foot turned up the butt of a manufactured cigarette.

The signal drums had been silent since noon. He compared the map's vague contours with the confused country about him. With Lobac's perang slashing ahead, he sought the watercourse. They explored a dozen folds in the hills before they found a canyon that seemed to offer a feasible path.

Lobac chopped away the bush with fine energy. An hour later his gleaming perang was still making the path, but its strokes were weary.

Another halt. Teragi slumped to the ground and snored. Lobac dozed against a tree. Only Sciva, the youngest bearer, remained awake.

"Sciva, do you see something move bottom-side that long-long black rock?"

"Me see allasame fella you talk-sunstraight time today. Oh, now all fella run somewhere."

The figures scattered. Smoke bloomed. The sound wave of an explosion smote the canyon wall behind the priest.

Evidently Sands was blasting away lava rock. This might well alarm the village at the foot of the canyon.

The two sleepers awoke, without knowing what had awakened them.

"Your feet are bruised," Father Hearty said, "but now we must walk again."

"That Great Master have bruise feet when go that hill Calavery," asserted Teragi. "And Him carry that Cross so verry too heavy."

"O too bad—That Great Poor Fella Master!" Lobac declared piously.

The sun had dipped to the widening canyon's rim before the leafy roofs became distinguishable from the darker green far below. Black figures were running in the village street. The priest's ears caught again the sound of drums.

He rushed down the path. Creepers caught his feet. Sharp vines whipped his face.

He staggered through the gateway in the bamboo palisade, arms outstretched. He called out his phrases of hill dialect. "Do not fear us. We are friends. We bring you gifts."

No answer came from the deserted huts.

Father Hearty mopped his brow. Failure sat upon his shoulders more heavily than his pack.

Lobac and Sciva appeared from between two huts. They led a small hunch-backed captive.

"This fella Kanak no can run good. We ketch 'um," announced Lobac proudly.

To Kinba the priest spoke the phrases again.

"Me fella think mebbe this fella Kanak 'um no can savvy," observed Lobac.

Kinba gazed at the priest with an unfathomable emotion in his liquid eyes.

"I think he understands, but I am not sure," said Father Hearty. "Where is Teragi?" He turned toward the gateway to look for the eldest bearer, and felt his ankles grasped.

The bearers would have laid hands on the hunchback, but Father Hearty waved them away.

At last the crippled hill man spoke. The white healer must stay. He, Kinba by name, would bring the elders of the tribe to him. Perhaps the tribe would adopt the healer's remedies.

Kinba was not so crippled as not

to have been able to run away. For three years his mother had been preparing him for this day. Since Kinba's fall, she had given the sorcerers little credence. When her first-born had been condemned to a lifelong interdict she had taken the cripple to her heart and told him that the sorcerers were malicious men with only the power of other men. And because she had heard the tales, told by travellers, of a white healer who defied the sorcerers, she told him, with a prescience that was half desire for the event, that some day this healer would come to their village, and that Kinba must receive him.

"Why did your people run away?" the missionary asked.

"Afraid."

"But you are not?"

The youth's eyes answered.

"Kinba, you shall be the first of your people to hear our Master's message."

Night had fallen. A cold fog drifted down the canyon. Kinba hobbled about to help Lobac and Sciva gather wood. Shortly, a fire blazed.

Kinba sat upon his heels and fixed his unblinking gaze on Father Hearty's face. The priest told him, with what words he could command, of the Creation, of Man's disobedience, of the Redeemer, Who had sent His apostles to teach all nations.

He spoke of God's Providence—his favorite theme—and of the Power of the One Supreme Being. He explained that the true God was not a revengeful spirit but a God of love. And Kinba showed no surprise at this unheard-of saying.

"I bring my people now," he told the priest finally.

"This is the time of sleep."

"They do not sleep to-night. When the sun rises I shall bring them."

There was a grotesque dignity in the little hunched figure. He made a queer bow and limped away.

The cloud-dimmed moon was high when Kinba



"Speak up," Sands urged. "D'ye want the old witch man to work on yer?"

reached the jungle clearing where the council sat. In the beginning of his recital Sungani interrupted frequently with cackling laughter.

Kinba withdrew and Sungani unfolded his plan. The white wizard should be compelled to test his power against Sungani's. If the white man could not match Sungani's feats of magic, he was a mere pretender and a bearer of ill-luck. The ill-luck he brought could then be averted from the tribe only by inflicting on him the torture of the hundred thorns and placing his head in the secret temple.

THE SUN had risen and the fire in the village was a circle of gray ashes when Father Hearty saw the advance party of hill warriors enter the gateway. They carried spears, and their skins were oiled for conflict. Some twenty of them formed a wide circle about him.

"White stranger," said Tekala, "my son has told me that you are sent to us by a Great Spirit Who rules all other spirits. My *tuhunga* says he can summon spirits more powerful than yours. If your magic prevails, we shall listen to you. If your magic fails—let your Great Spirit protect you."

Before the priest could reply to this address, which he half understood, the *tuhunga* began a loud-voiced incantation. He and his assistants danced, brandishing torches of galip leaves. The warriors and the council widened the circle. Their bodies swayed with the dancers.

Men crouched and beat upon the *karamut* drums. The thudding monotone swelled louder as the dancers' cries grew more frantic.

Sungani's repertory was merely the common stock-in-trade of the island sorcerers, but he was a good showman.

He juggled, exhibited sleight of hand, swallowed knives. He stabbed himself—apparently—without suffering hurt. As a climax, he pretended to swallow fire.

Up the canyon, the drums had awakened the gold-seekers. They were a bleary-eyed, disgruntled lot that morning.

"Labor is what we need," said Sands. "I knew we should have rounded up a parcel of niggers first. By now that 'Holy Joe' has tipped 'em off. Those drums are warnin' the whole cursed bush."

"You're wrong, Sands," the bearded man interrupted excitedly. He had field glasses trained on the clearing below. "The whole kit and caboodle of them is in the village."

Sands seized the glasses and looked. "Grab your guns," he shouted. "If we work fast we can get ourselves a labor gang."

The adventurers hurried down the rock-strewn path.

"Fire in the air, then round 'em up," Sands directed. "And stay with me, you Kanak, to talk-talk the *kukerei*."

The wild fusillade that heralded the invaders' charge stilled the drums. A few spearmen stood their ground. Rifle butts drove them back.

"Talk this *kukerei* what fashion singsing he make here," Sands directed his black interpreter. Then the bully saw a white man bound in a sitting posture to a stake driven into the ground. Nearby, Sungani crouched, buzzard-like. On the ground lay the three bearers, each tied hand and foot.

Two of the gold-seekers would have released the white captive. Sands halted them.

"Might be a good lesson if we let 'em plague him just a bit."

He laughed harshly. "Seems the missionary told these boys about all the wonders his God could perform. They wouldn't swallow it until he delivered a few. Their witch man has put on his tricks, but it seems Holy Joe is stumped."

Sungani had been whispering to the council. It was evident, he told them, that these whites cared nothing about the prisoner.

Somewhat cautiously, the torturers moved forward at the sorcerer's call.

SUNGANI stalked a cat-like circle. He halted before the stake and spat venomous questions.

The watchers could not hear the priest's reply, but it moved Sungani to mirth. An assistant drew a short blowgun from a sack and began to fit something into it.

"Those blowgun darts are poisoned. We got to stop this," declared the bearded man.

"Stand where you are!" shouted Sands. His pistol was out.

"I'm givin' the orders," Sands asserted. "This snivellin' missionary needed a lesson, and I venture to say he's had it. He'll be turned

loose—just as soon as he admits to the chief here that his preachin' is all a pack o' lies. Yes, and as soon as he gives his word he'll stay out o' this country and quit interferin' with our niggers. What d'ye say, Holy Joe?"

The priest's lips moved in silent prayer.

"Speak up!" Sands urged. "D'ye want the old witch man to work on yer?"

All at once Kinba limped to the side of his father. He pointed up the canyon.

Tekala raised his *limbum* aloft. "Behold!" he said loudly. "The white sorcerer's God answers."

Beneath a suddenly darkened sky Reganna's pillar of cloud had broken into a hundred trembling jets, and each glowed furnace-red.

The ground shuddered sickeningly. With a wild shriek Sungani fled toward the gateway.

Sands and his followers staggered after him in panic.

The culminating earth shock was preceded by a muffled subterranean roar. Flimsy village huts collapsed. Great trees crashed down.

BEFORE the flickering lights on the mountain were obscured by the pall of volcanic ash which followed, Kinba calmly and unhurriedly freed the missionary from his bonds.

Darkness followed, to be broken by a lurid orange light in the canyon as a new lava flow buried beyond reclaim the golden treasure which Sands had sought.

The moon above the galip trees that night was a red-gold lantern, for the air, smelling of sulphur, was still hazy with volcanic ash.

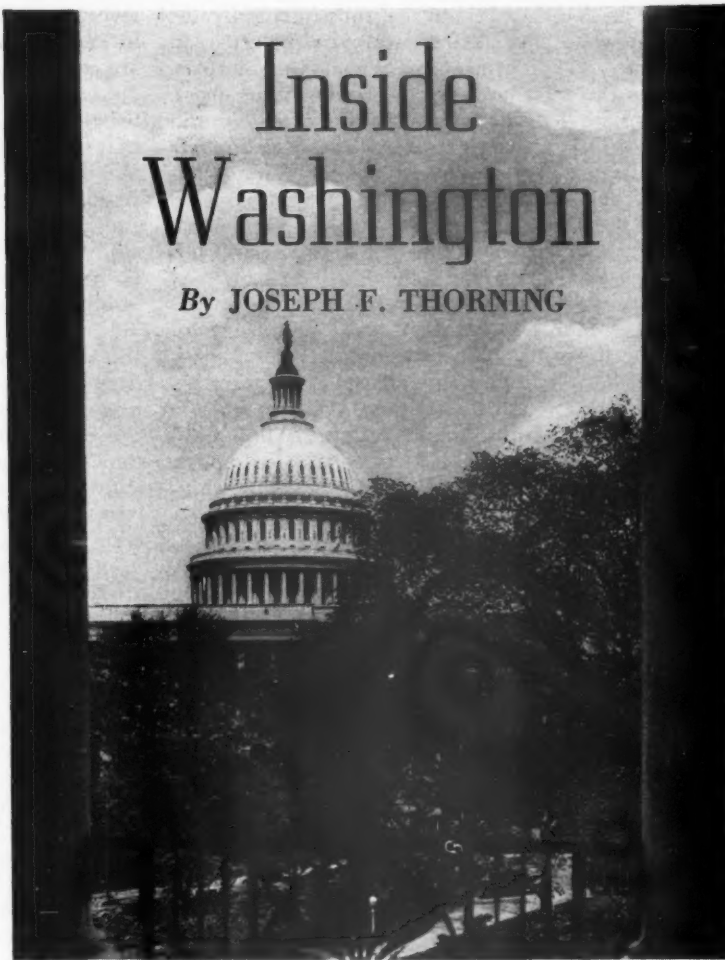
The council deliberated long, and Father Hearty waited patiently. Now they approached, their dusky faces solemn in the ruddy half light. At the head limped Kinba. In his right hand he carried the *limbum*.

"To you, O blest of the Great Spirit," he said, "I bring the word of my people. We are your children forever. This message I bring because my father, being very old, has said that now I should be chief, and the council has said yes. But I will give this *limbum* to another if you will take me into your service."

"Keep it," said the missionary. "We are all servants of One Master, and you will learn that His service is well rewarded."

# Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING



HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

IN THE March issue of THE SIGN, it was suggested that "President Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, will get exactly the war machine he wants and may use—in his third term, if not in his second!"

The last few weeks have emphasized the accuracy of this observation. Not only have the huge military and naval budgets been passed by thumping majorities, but "war psychosis" of capital figures has been intensified a thousand-fold. Armies are on the march in Europe. Every footfall in the Balkans echoes resoundingly in the White House Executive Office as well as in certain committee rooms on Capitol Hill. In a word, foreign policy is the major preoccupation of both the Chief Executive and his advisers.

Ben Cohen and Thomas Corcoran, whose recent experiments in the realm of domestic recovery have been none too happy, believe that the hour has struck to retrieve reverses at home by spectacular performances abroad. With this as a *leit-motif* the "employment bureau duet" is feverishly engaged upon blueprints for industrial mobilization in time of war that will make the NRA "Blue Eagle" look like a washed-out, undersized canary.

In the meantime, the much-ballyhooed "peace picnic" between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. resembles a hair-pulling free-for-all of Junior League members at the cocktail hour. Lines for the battle in Con-

gress are well drawn. To amend or not to amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act is the issue. This is one war in which President Roosevelt will not intervene. His strategy is to mollify extremists in both camps, while trusting to luck that rank-and-file sentiment will work a miracle of reconciliation. At this writing the proponents of revision of the Wagner Act claim that they are sure of a majority. In a dramatic "right-about-face," the National Labor Relations Board itself admits the need for modified procedure.

Another controversial question that may soon hold the center of the stage is the wage-hour act. Representatives of the labor union organizations contend that it is silly to talk about amending an act that is scarcely a year old. C.I.O. and A.F. of L. executives agree that the brevity of this experiment affords meager factual evidence upon which to build for the future. It is their view that careful, non-partisan checking on the

operation of the law over a period of years will enable Senators and Representatives to plug up loop-holes without throwing the doors wide open to manufacturers and business men who would sell the whole enforcement machinery down the river.

One labor lobbyist put his case in these words:

"The moment the chiselers hear there is a possibility of hearings on the wage-hour law they take repeal or revision for granted.

The net effect is that they (the businessmen) begin enforcing modifications of their own before the matter has even reached the legislative stage. Of course, workers have recourse to the courts, but jobs are hard to get and who is to support the laborer's family while he disports himself in litigation? The big task of capital and labor now is to comply with the law, give its administrators loyal co-operation and keep law suits at a minimum. Otherwise, legal sharks will garner the principal benefits of labor legislation. That won't be any particular advantage for the tax-payer!"

On the other hand, spokesmen for a number of industries, both in the East and the deep South, claim that they are compelled by terms of the wage-hour enactments to fire, not to hire, men and women workers. This is particularly true of industries that have a seasonal lag or are closely allied with and keenly sensitive to fluctuations in agricultural activity. The plight of the pecan-shelling fac-

tories of Texas and the textile mills of North Carolina is well known. Those engaged in a number of service occupations also find their employers not at all rapturous in praise of the new set-up.

Critics of the new plan are button-holing members of the Senate and House Labor Committees to urge arguments like this:

"Just how many jobs have been created by the wage-hour act? What effect has it had in stabilizing employment? Don't we have the beginnings of a huge bureaucracy? Or haven't you heard the outcry for additional funds for law enforcement, fresh administrative personnel, larger salaries? Every day that you allow the act to be maintained sees flocks of new office-holders in Washington and Baltimore. Isn't there a movement to construct another cluster of Federal buildings simply to take care of the capital overflow? Where will it all end?"

Upshot of the debate will be, it is fairly well agreed, that only minor, unimportant modifications will be accepted either in committee or in the final vote in the Congress. It is the consensus of opinion that the law ought to have at least a two-year period of trial.

Labor is also deeply interested in the various measures that have been proposed with reference to war-time mobilization, conscription of capital and virtual confiscation of profits on munitions. The more experienced legislators in Congress are skeptical about the success of these programs. An Administration wheel-horse, famous for "horse-trading" deals long before the New Deal dispensation, summed up sentiment on this score. He remarked:

"ONCE the President issues a proclamation of war, voted by members of Senate and House, there is no more wordage wasted on schemes to prevent profiteering. War is the signal for a capitalistic carnival! The ten per cent clause will come back with a flourish! That means the contractors for Government supplies and buildings will be permitted to grab 'ten per cent' profit legitimately and 'all that the traffic will bear' off the record. Don't forget that some of our 'dollar-a-year' executives in 1917-18 made the pleasant discovery that political power, contacts and knowledge poured favors into their laps

throughout the subsequent decade. The 'experience' was reflected in their incomes for a good many years. If another world conflict is arranged, it will prove a happy hunting-ground for the bankers, brokers, builders and politicians and real estate operators. Nevertheless, the attempt to take the profit out of war is a noble crusade! You will hear less and less about it as the crisis deepens."

AN INTERESTING development of past weeks has been the investigation of the alleged connection between the Workers' Alliance and the Works Progress Administration. Congressional leaders, worried by reports that the Alliance holds the whip-hand over WPA policies, have been weighing the advisability of legislation that would be aimed at restoring independence to this reputedly leftist-dominated Federal department. Congressman Taylor, a veteran on the Appropriations Committee, is urging prompt action on this matter.

The relief situation is also under close scrutiny by members of the Senate. A ranking member of the Finance Committee makes no secret of his conviction that the WPA administrative and relief rolls are systematically "purged" and "padded" by Workers' Alliance chieftains.

"Why pretend that David Lasser is a minor factor in the WPA set-up?" this Senator asks. "Lasser and Herbert Benjamin, secretary of the Alliance, can make or break the U. S. officials on the Eastern seaboard who refuse to play ball with them. This means that an extra-legal Communistic organization, often employed or exploited by high government officers for its 'nuisance value,' is daily consolidating its power in a key-position. I say that the group has a pivotal spot because the relief appropriations are channeled off through sluices indicated by Lasser and Benjamin.

"Eventually, the men, women and children on relief will come to think these two lord lieutenants are Santa Claus. That may not mean much in an election, but it has possibilities for 'the revolt.' It may be necessary that millions be spent to keep good citizens alive, active. The latter, however, ought to be protected from an exploitation more heartless than that of the capitalists. Dues for the Workers' Alliance are the first tribute

levied on WPA incomes. Everybody in Washington knows that! And we are going to do something about it."

Chairman Taylor of the Appropriations Committee has announced that expert testimony on the relief abuses will be heard in executive session. Then, if the revelations prove gravely important, it may easily happen that the majority of the committee will vote in favor of public hearings.

It may be noted in passing that this technique will be employed with benefit by the Dies Committee in its new efforts to secure information on the extent of anti-American activities. Executive session hearings constitute a desirable safeguard for the reputation of government officials, who might otherwise be the target of malicious or reckless, indiscriminate criticism. Public relief officials are apt to be particularly exposed to this form of attack.

THERE IS a powerful movement in Congress, headed by Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, to develop a new outlook on the relief problem. The avowed objective of the group led by Senator Byrnes is to transfer responsibility for large numbers of the unemployed to the Social Security Board. Legislation has been prepared to provide liberalized benefits under the unemployed insurance schedules of the Social Security Act, for more generous benefits for dependent children and the blind, and for an extension of Federal aid to States to finance the care of handicapped persons. This would help those unable to earn a livelihood but too young to be eligible for old-age pensions.

Some members of the House Appropriations Committee are dubious about the advisability of these changes. They raise one ever-recurring question: "How many persons will be taken from the PWA or WPA payrolls by this new scheme? Will any considerable body of workers withdraw from private jobs, thus opening up opportunities for work for younger people now engaged upon public work projects?"

Underlying the discussion about a "fresh philosophy" on the unemployment problem is a bitter struggle to whittle away some tens of hundreds of millions from the one billion five hundred million which President Roosevelt has suggested will be

needed to finance relief in the next fiscal year, starting July 1.

The Conservative Democratic Senators, having tasted blood in the implied rebuke to the Chief Executive in Congressional refusal to replace all of the \$150,000,000 demanded for the current year, are determined to exploit their partial victory by shifting distribution of relief largess, as far as practicable, to a non-partisan commission. They appreciate fully the fact that disbursements on the scale of millions tip the voting scales in the primaries as well as in the general elections. Consequently, Senators from the Northeast and the South are straining every nerve to subtract "dependents" from the Federal pie-counter. If they can make the States centers of potential "relief patronage," they can not only solidify their own position, but also supplant "upstart carpetbaggers" with loyal native sons who will exert a profound influence upon the national Democratic machine. The relief battle, therefore, is seen as a sub-surface duel for solid blocs of State delegations to the next "Presidential" convention.

IT IS no exaggeration to state that the struggle, in and out of Congress, is Economy vs. Spending, or, expressed in terms of personalities, Garner vs. Roosevelt. "*Deo volente et adjuvante*," (with God's permission and grace) the Hon. John Nance Garner will stalk into the arena within a few weeks, there to take his stand until the final roll-call tallies up the primary totals from Alabama to Wyoming! This renders talk about a "brand-new policy" on public expenditures the "barrier-break" of two thoroughbreds on the race-course!

This does not mean that the President's friends are discouraged by recent happenings on Capitol Hill. They point to the \$100,000,000 (out of a total of \$150,000,000) added to the original relief expenditures. They express satisfaction over the relatively easy "Pyrrhic victory" of their chief on the refurbished reorganization bill, overlooking both the narrowness of the squeak-ballot by which it was approved as well as the major amendments which made it acceptable after the defeat of a much more drastic measure in the last session of the Congress.

The Administration leadership is

also elated over the practically unopposed confirmation of such liberal luminaries as Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter and Secretary Harry Hopkins. "Could this have been anticipated one year ago?" the Roosevelt Senators ask with a chuckle. They are not saying anything audible about the Senatorial vest-pocket veto of former Congressman Thomas R. Amlie. Why should they, when the rest of the program is either on the books or high up on the committee docket?

With the domestic situation well in hand, experts in the State Department are doing their best to actualize the program of direct exchange and subsidized exports, which it is hoped, will simultaneously reduce the home surplus of cotton and wheat, while attracting huge stores of rubber, nickel and tin which will be in urgent demand should a world war emerge from the newspaper artillery barrage in Europe.

According to Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, this is primarily a move to open up markets for the American farmers of the Middle West and South. He denies that it is a reversal of the Hull reciprocal trade agreements program, although it is a scheme that depends upon a system of export bounties, running counter to the Secretary of State's fundamental adherence to free trade notions. Put in a nutshell, Mr. Wallace's idea is to promote "agricultural reconstruction" by another stream of "bonus checks." It is significant that the Secretary's first gesture in the *second* act of the classic melodrama entitled, "Lift the Mortgage on the old Homestead," was to appear before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee in a forthright petition for additional funds.

IT TAKES generous doses of taxpayers' money to move grain and fiber surpluses into world markets. And the newspapers and other organs of public opinion that a few months ago were clamoring for "economy to the bone" are strangely silent before the scarcely camouflaged off-stage looting of the national Treasury. The barter deals are charged off against "war insurance" in the hope that Great Britain, France, The Netherlands and Belgium may be furnished with "strategic materials" and "war reserve stocks." When European na-

tions are on the march, every American citizen can watch the gyrations of foreign trade, foreign exchange and export bonuses through the eyes of Wall Street and the emergency legislation hastily introduced in both Senate and House of Representatives. These are the real tip-offs on the gravity of the situation.

ADMINISTRATION spokesmen acknowledge that national credit machinery is being geared to meet the strain and shock of a European crisis. Ostensibly, this is arranged to enable the markets to keep functioning, "tyde what may" across the Atlantic. From the practical, realistic point of view, it is an effective anticipation of appeals to influential investment houses from French and British bankers who inevitably turn to New York underwriters to finance purchases of foreign-held securities. Even if these securities are retained here as collateral for loans, they will be a black daub in the credit picture. Once the original commitments shall have been made it will always be a simple tactic to repeat the persuasive epigram of former Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo. In 1917, this gifted politician left us a seductively sparkling gem of disastrous counsel:

"In order to maintain our prosperity we must finance it." We are going to hear plenty of variations rung on this theme.

"In order to maintain our prosperity we must finance it." The *Mot d'Ordre* have been issued from both New York and Washington. They will be echoed resoundingly from our national capital. The point to bear in mind is that the White House is a much more effective sounding-board for a statement of this kind than the chambers of the Congress. The President of the United States, under the Constitution, is exercising his full powers as master-skipper of the foreign policy of the United States.

And, as was indicated in the first paragraph of this article, the center of gravity during the current session of Senate and House is not on the Potomac, but on the Rhine, the Po, the Danube and the Vistula. In other words, as Senator David I. Walsh declared to me, "there are too many Americans in responsible places who talk as if the Mediterranean were the Great Lakes!"

**I**F YOU should tell Dr. Gallup's average citizen that he is a member of the largest pool ever to operate in the history of markets, he would probably be a bit surprised, and not a little incredulous. Should you suggest further that his was not an ordinary safe investment, but was perilously close to what market experts are wont to call wild-cat speculation . . . it is not certain just what he would say.

And yet the thing is true enough. On March 18th the Treasury Department announced that the recent shipments of European gold brought the American gold total above the fifteen billion dollar market. In other words, the American Government, becoming "Trader Sam," bought shares in the gold market worth that fabulous sum. And, the individual contributing members of this gigantic pool are none other than the citizens of the U. S. They will either make a profit, or through taxes pay the bill—depending on the ability of Trader Sam to liquidate his holdings at a favorable price.

Can he do it? Well, that is the story. Suppose we start with the beginning.

This enormous syndicate was formed in 1933, when executive order required all gold and gold certificates held in the country to be surrendered to the treasury. The price paid for the gold was \$20.67 an ounce; and the pool's stake in the gold market then amounted to four

billion dollars. That completed the operations of the first step, known in the language of the exchange, as the accumulation period.

The marking-up process followed. Trader Sam by successive steps raised the price to \$35, which he then fixed by proclamation; thereby showing a paper profit of two billion eight hundred million dollars. A neat profit on a four billion dollar investment—a profit, be it noted, just as long as the market price of gold remained \$35. For the first day that gold sells below the \$35 market level, the profit will disappear; because the highest price at which any pool can carry its holdings on its books is the market price.

So Trader Sam pegged the gold market. He offered to buy all gold put for sale at \$35 that no one else would take. To date he has been forced to buy eight billion dollars of gold at the \$35 level, and today the position of the syndicate is that it has fifteen billion dollars of gold, purchased at an average price of \$30.

There remains only one more stage to complete this gigantic market operation. But it is the most difficult part of all market trading: the liquidation of the line. Any mar-

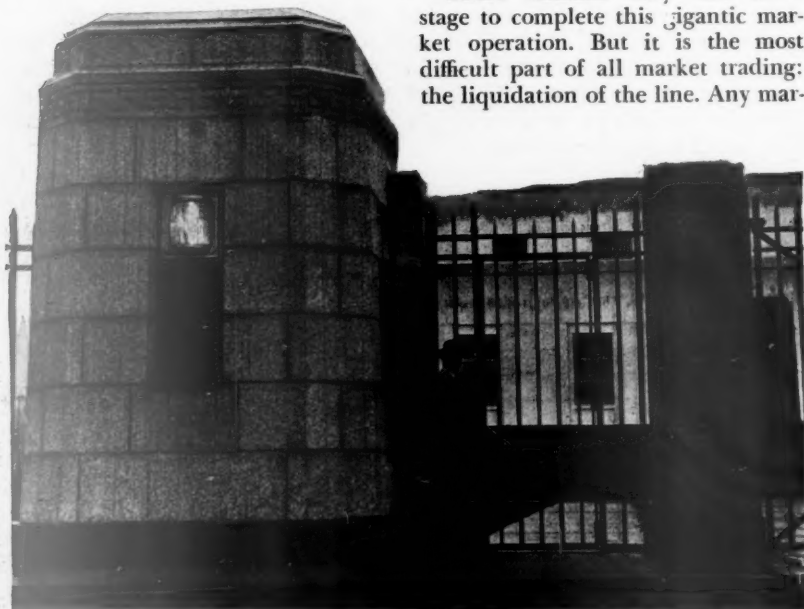
ket operator will tell you that the important thing is not the accumulation of a line, but its distribution. It is not what you have that counts; it is what you can get for what you have. So the question is: can Trader Sam liquidate his vast holdings at the prevailing price of \$35? If he can, Mr. Citizen makes money. If he cannot, Mr. Citizen pays the bill.

The successful liquidation by any pool depends on there being in the market more buyers than sellers, so that the pool has someone to whom it can sell its holdings. This means that the relation between the various factors on the supply side of the market with those on the side of demand must be carefully noted. For it is a self-evident principle of market trading that as the number of sellers increase more buyers must be found to absorb the increased offerings. If they are not found, the pool operator must not only forego the sale of his own holdings, but must buy all this new stock—as we have seen Trader Sam has already been forced to do. If he does not, the market collapses, and all hope of a successful liquidation of the line vanishes.

On the side of supply the big problem for the market operator is: How much more of this stock will come into the market, attracted by the high price that I hope to establish? That this normal problem has become his lot, Trader Sam has found out to his chagrin. His \$35 an ounce for fresh and used gold has lured the yellow metal to America from every conceivable land and people. A billion and a half dollars worth of it a year for five years straight has been the record. America has had to buy more gold each year than the world's mines have

# Trader Sam Pegs t

By RICHARD E. MULCAHY, S.J.



The heavily guarded entrance to the building at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where Uncle Sam keeps his fifteen billion dollar hoard

# the Gold Market

## *Uncle Sam Has Become "Trader Sam" Through Buying Shares in the Gold Market. Can He Now Liquidate His Holdings Profitably?*

been able to produce, so that today in a new Kentucky home, there is stored more than sixty per cent of the world's total gold supply! When the pool checks the records, they find that this gold is coming from three chief sources: the central banker, the private hoarder and the producer.

The central banker with the various governments is the largest holder of gold in the world, and is on that account the most important single influence in the market. For example, the central bankers of Europe alone sold about a billion dollars of gold in the past four years, and have another ten billion they can send. Will they send? It depends.

The central banker keeps gold to balance unfavorable foreign exchange transactions, and to serve as a monetary base. Now Trader Sam's high-priced-gold policy is teaching this big banker new methods of exchange. Already Germany, Italy and Japan are carrying on their foreign trade by means of the barter system. What will happen if other nations, seeing their success, adopt the same tactics?

As far as gold for a monetary reserve is concerned, the present high price has taught the central banker to get along with less actual gold. He just revalues his holdings according to the new high price established, pegged, and paid for by America, and finds that his reserves have increased about seventy-five per cent overnight. This means he has excess gold, as the conservative Bank of England recently found out when they made such a revaluation of their reserves. They had enough gold left over to be able to transfer to the British Stabilization Fund one billion six hundred million dollars of gold. From the Fund it will probably in due time find its way to America.

This paring down of required

gold is taking place while most countries are retaining some semblance of the gold standard. We could well speculate what would be the effect on the gold market, if—perhaps because of an international war, as happened in 1914—these countries completely abandoned the gold standard. The price of gold might collapse into the same disastrous slide that silver took when it was dropped from the eligible list of metals satisfactory for a monetary base. When that happened, silver lost two-thirds of its former value! At that rate, the fifteen billion dollar gold hoard in Kentucky would be worth just five billion dollars.

The most sensitive influence on the market supply is the private hoarder (a private citizen who owns gold in a country where to own gold is not a penal offense). When someone offers an unusually attractive price for the yellow metal, he immediately begins to unload. India, the Mecca of the world's most avaricious hoarders, in the last five years dug up enough gold out of the backyard, and melted down enough ornaments, to be able to ship to market a half billion dollars worth of gold. No one knows how much more of

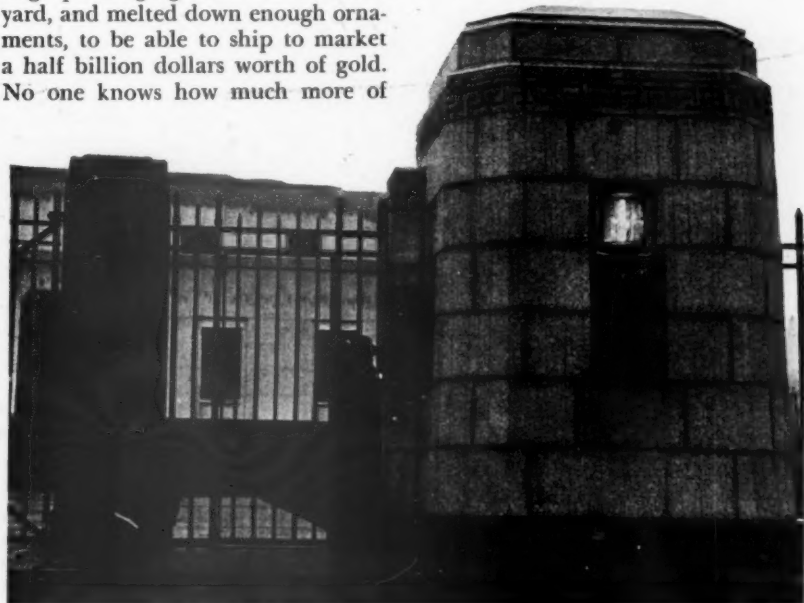
this hidden wealth will come to light, if the present premium for gold continues to be offered.

The other big seller, the producer, is the most certain supply factor. A high price for gold is an irresistible invitation for him to open new or abandoned mines, and to adopt new mining methods. This is why the value of the world's annual output of gold has increased from less than eight hundred million dollars in 1933 to over a billion dollars in 1937.

As was mentioned above, the pool's chances for a successful liquidation depend on a favorable balance between the number of sellers and the number of buyers. Therefore, there is still hope for the pool, if Trader Sam can find enough potential buyers who will both absorb this vast supply of gold pouring into the market, and also will buy most of his own fifteen billion dollar supply.

This prospective customer should have three characteristics: he must have a desire for the product; he must be willing to pay a price that is profitable for the pool; and he must have money or something else to pay for the product. To find such an ideal customer is the perplexing problem for Trader Sam.

Of those who in the years before the pool began to operate showed themselves willing to buy gold, two of the best prospects, the central banker and the private hoarder, are now sellers. Nor does there seem to



be any reason why they should now switch their position in the market and become buyers. In fact, there is a very strong reason why at least the central banker should no longer desire gold. One of the most cogent arguments for gold as a monetary base has always been that it is relatively stable in value. Now, however, the central banker finds that one trader can raise the price in a few months nearly seventy-five percent; and some of the eminent bankers are pausing to reconsider the dubious merits of gold as the ideal standard.

THE other prospect is the commercial consumer, who buys gold for industrial purposes. But, in his case, the economic axiom—when a commodity rises in price, business immediately seeks a substitute—should be a sufficient restraint to keep him from increasing his demand for gold.

However, if somehow or other Trader Sam should convince some believing soul that he has a use for a couple of billion dollars of gold, what reason is there that this lamb should pay the present high price of \$35.00? If gold were something necessary, and America had a monopoly, anyone who wanted gold would have to pay the price dictated by the American pool. But the pool is discovering to its chagrin that gold is not a necessity. Money has been coined out of lead, iron and silver; and plates and vases have been made out of other things besides gold. As the Wife of Bath once said:

"For wel ye knowe, a lord in his household

He hath not every vessel al of gold:

Some been of tree, and doon his lord servyse!"

A customer possessing the third characteristic, the having the wherewithal to pay for the gold, is something just as hard for Trader Sam to find. What will Sam "trade" for his gold? The policy of the government has been to encourage exports and discourage imports; but it can't sell gold to foreign nations without importing something in exchange for it. This is the same problem that was never solved when we tried to collect the famous war debts. The nations of the world could pay us only if we bought their goods; but we did not want their goods. So we put off the day of reckoning by loan-

ing them credits. However, we ultimately found that we either had to accept their goods or go unpaid. We went unpaid. In order to sell his gold, is Trader Sam now willing to reverse this foreign trade policy once held so tenaciously?

And so, on the face of the thing, it appears that Trader Sam has traded himself into a box. It seems he cannot win. To protect his three billion dollar paper profit he must continue to buy all the gold offered at \$35. Yet, the very fact that he is paying that high price is increasing the supply of gold that he must buy. At the same time, the prospects of a suitable customer walking into the market certainly seem pretty slim.

And yet, if some day you should read that Trader Sam made a profit for the pool by selling the gold at \$35 or more, do not conclude immediately that the above facts and analysis were incorrect. It might be that it is only a surface profit. Because of the cloak of money, any loss may appear as a profit. The nominal amount of dollars received is not important; what counts is: what will those dollars buy? Will the dollars received for the gold buy just as much wheat, cotton, milk, land, clothes, etc., as the dollars paid out for the gold? Then, and only then, can the gold pool be considered a successful market venture.

No doubt, there are a couple of questions you would like to ask Trader Sam or someone: Why did the Government ever form such a speculative syndicate? Why did it ever start paying \$35 an ounce for gold that it could have gotten cheaper, and that it did not want? Certainly not primarily to make money, for there are many easier ways to make money with far less risk. *The price of gold was manipulated in order to raise the price of commodities.*

THIS was the theory. There are three factors: commodities, the dollar and gold. It was thought that if the price of gold was raised, it would mean that the dollar would buy less gold, and so would be worth less. The dollar being worth less, all commodities should rise in terms of the dollar. Sounds reasonable.

One important point, however, was overlooked by those who put the theory into practice. A supposition, or condition necessary for the success

of the theory, is that the country should be on the gold standard. (And for this reason it was believed that commodities in general would rise in price: because the dollar in terms of its standard had depreciated.) But when America put the theory into practice, the gold standard had been suspended! Gold was then just another commodity. A change in its price had no more power to raise the general price level, than did a change in the price of wheat, or of cotton, or of any other single commodity.

THE other important question you would like to ask Trader Sam is: Is there no way out for the pool? There might be. Two errors were committed by the pool. First, they are paying too much for gold. This cannot be remedied. The second error is that they do not need the gold. All this new gold that has been pouring into this country the last five years is not used for anything. Trader Sam buys it and tucks it to sleep in his new Kentucky home—"just to lay there, stay there, never again to roam."

It has been suggested that someone should break up that Southern melody, and put the idle gold to work. The plan is that if the metal could be used as a backing for a special issue of Government currency to be used to retire the whole or part of the Government's forty billion dollar debt, there would be a saving of as much as a billion dollars a year in interest.

This proposal is well worth considering; for, if it should work out, Trader Sam would save enough interest in fifteen years to pay for every ounce of gold in old Kentucky. No one could, then, charge him with making a poor investment. The objection usually leveled against this proposal seems invalid: it seems almost ridiculous to say that we require all this gold for our normal monetary needs. As a matter of fact, the 1929 boom period—the time of the greatest business activity this nation ever witnessed—was financed on only four billion dollars of gold.

We hope that Trader Sam and his pool come out on top. But, as matters stand now, and barring unforeseen events, Trader Sam's pegging of the gold market is going to be a very expensive market venture for Mr. Citizen.

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

**C**RITICS, like doctors, often disagree. Unfortunately, in the case of our dramatic reviewers, that disagreement is not between themselves, but in many instances with a majority of their readers.

A recent example was their report on a play called, "The Primrose Path." An unwholesome picture of an assorted group of perverts, shoplifters and dipsomaniacs, it was an admirable preachment for stage censorship. It failed utterly to accomplish the basic purpose for the existence of the theatre—to entertain. Yet, the gentlemen of the press, those eminent chronologists of the American theatre, referred to it in glowing terms, without sparing the adjectives. Digging into his thesaurus, George Jean Nathan described it as "the lowest, roughest, toughest, tenderest, dirtiest, most decent and certainly the funniest play for your money put on sale this season." Mr. Nathan doesn't bother to explain his incongruous grouping of "toughest" and "tenderest"; "dirtiest" and "most decent." John Anderson, another often-quoted and often-mistaken critic of the drama, thought it was a "lusty and briny comedy—coarse, dirty, lovable and human."

Both Anderson and Nathan seem to agree that the play was dirty and tough, but the former gentleman evidently also found something lovable and human in it. What could possibly be considered "lovable" about the morals, the actions or the mouthings of such characters as those concocted by Playwrights Robert Buckner and Walter Hart is beyond the understanding of a great many playgoers.

The average entertainment seeker who believes that the theatre should provide a pleasant, intelligent respite from the harsh realities of our present-day existence, rather than a lurid, bawdy plunge into the seedy side of life, will rightly wonder at the reports of these critics. Anderson and Nathan are only two, but they represent a school of thought which has seemingly captured the critic's chairs on some of our daily papers

The sudden patriotic spirit which has been running rampant through the entire entertainment field—stage, screen and radio—gives most of us material for thought. A few, short years ago, singing the national anthem in a theatre would have been laughed at, as silly, sentimental, stupid flag-waving. But, styles of thought change as easily as the styles in milady's wardrobe, and often as inexplicably. Today we find the most financially successful play on Broadway ringing down the curtain to the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner"; a nation-wide chain of movie theatres opening and closing their program each day with the same number; the Hollywood studios feverishly rushing production on a new cycle with a patriotic and hurrah-for-our-side theme and several of our radio commentators and comedians becoming more hysterical in their new-found Americanism.

Patriotic fervor, in intelligent doses, is an admirable and desirable thing, but it goes much deeper than excited denunciations of the other fellow and his method of doing things.

Thousands of visitors will pour

into New York this summer to view the World's Fair and the much-publicized attractions of Manhattan. Broadway and its musical and dramatic entertainment expects to garner the lion's share of Mr. and Mrs. America's box office dollars. The following productions are scheduled to remain through the summer months and are recommended as being reasonably free from Broadway's twin evils of pseudo-sophistication and illogical propaganda:

**ONE FOR THE MONEY**—The most colorful and sparkling musical revue presented in years. The settings and costumes are eye-filling, the cast talented and personable and the sketches are timely and clever. Adults will find it a pleasant relief from the recent flood of plays with a message. Rated in the "B" class by the Catholic Theatre Movement.

**THE WHITE STEED**—Paul Vincent Carroll attempts to repeat the success of "Shadow and Substance." He grinds his axe with beautiful writing, some excellent dramatic touches and a biased viewpoint. It is Barry Fitzgerald of the Abbey Players who makes up for the play's shortcomings. It has the same in-



Brian Aherne and Bette Davis in a scene from the current motion picture, "Juarez."

redients, of disputable value, of his first success without the originality and spiritual fire.

The most widely publicized and financially successful play on Broadway this season is "THE AMERICAN WAY". Impressive in its production, capable in its performance and praiseworthy in its theme, it will undoubtedly attract a majority of New York's visitors. The presence in the cast of Frederic March and Florence Eldridge and the carefully planned publicity campaign will draw them into Center Theatre.

Whether or not the talents of Mr. March, and the story of a German immigrant who becomes a true and staunch advocate of Americanism can send them out of the red and gold interior of the playhouse in an ecstatic state remains to be seen. New Yorkers have acclaimed the play as a sample of the true spirit of America. The fact that the alien "ism" represented in the play happens to be Nazism, may or may not be the reason for that acclaim. Those who believe that Communism, the more insidious of our twin "ism" evils, should have been used or even mentioned, will wonder at the omission.

Aside from its political significance or leanings, the production has a richness and a quality which cannot help but draw a round of applause. As a spectacle it is both lavish and colorful, a tribute to the ability of Hazard Short, the director. However, the absence of a musical score leaves a glaring void which detracts somewhat from the net result. Frederic March and Florence Eldridge sustain the characters of Martin Gunther and his wife with admirable consistency.

"The American Way" proves without a doubt that our system is decidedly superior to one alien form of government. A companion piece is eagerly awaited, which will knock the props from under that other and more painful thorn in our national side, Communism.

IT IS NOW fifty years since Thomas Edison announced to the world that his Kinetoscope was completed and ready for public inspection. Few, least of all Mr. Edison, dreamed of the tremendous possibilities of what appeared to be just a new toy. Little, too, did he dream of the atrocities which were to be

heaped on the public in the guise of motion picture entertainment.

However, during the past few months Hollywood seems to have roused itself and has been presenting films which show not only great technical strides, but also an appreciable increase in intelligence. Perhaps we can now add to Walter Pitkin's statement, the words—"Common Sense Begins at Fifty."

IN LINE with this "awakening" come two excellent productions, "Juarez" and "Rose of Washington Square." The former is an authentic chapter from the pages of North American history, the latter a made-to-order vehicle for the talents of its stars. Although they can hardly be compared as to artistic merit, they both accomplish the purpose for which they were intended.

The Mexican leader, Juarez, who brought defeat to the plans of Napoleon and Maximilian for a Mexican empire provides the inspiration and the title for Hollywood's latest attempt to re-create the great moments in history. Emphasis has been placed on the human side of the story rather than the grandeur and spectacle which is usually found in the movies' historical splurges.

Director William Dieterle deserves credit for resisting the temptation to employ all of Hollywood's jobless in order to make a spectacle out of a story of Maximilian and Carlotta and Juarez. He has the added advantage of a cast of sterling performers: Bette Davis, considered by many the outstanding screen actress, Paul Muni as Juarez and Brian Aherne as Maximilian could not have been improved upon.

"Rose of Washington Square" on the other hand, is Hollywood material. Tailored to fit the talents of its particular stars, it develops into a brightly entertaining feature, head and shoulders above the average. Set in the period immediately following the World War, it brings back several musical memories. "Shine On Harvest Moon," "Mammy" and "Avalon," all popular hits of yesteryear are sung by Alice Faye and Al Jolson and Tyrone Power. The story is of secondary importance, lacking any great originality aside from sending the hero to prison as a belated gesture toward reforming him. Tyrone Power is the

reformee, who hadn't been able to resist the easy ways of making money.

Lacking the nostalgic touch of "The Life of Vernon and Irene Castle," it nevertheless can be classed as one of the more palatable current films.

. . . . .

After assiduously wooing the nation's foremost singing names from the confines of the Metropolitan Opera House to the more confining atmosphere of Hollywood, the producers have recently been shipping them back to the Diamond Horseshoe with equal fervor. They've discovered to their financial sorrow that the great American public does not enthuse over opera in general; that sopranos who cannot retain their glamor when reaching high "C" and that baritones who have no wave in their hair (or no hair) just can't compete with Tyrone Power or Loretta Young when it comes to attracting 21,000,000 Americans to the box office every week. Lack of original ideas in presenting opera and its stars to the public was mainly responsible for the apathetic reception which greeted such operatic celebrities as Kirsten Flagstad, Tibbett, Gladys Swarthout and Nino Martini.

A FEW MONTHS ago we sat beside Bide Dudley, veteran dramatic critic, at a projection room preview of a new picture. It was a routine production, enlivened only by the presence of a bright, new ingenue. After the fade-out Dudley turned and said, "That girl will be the Duse of the screen."

Eighteen year old Nancy Kelly was "that girl." Today she is being widely hailed as the most important young actress to reach the screen in years. Her personal success in "Jesse James" and "Tailspin" and the advance reports on her work with Spencer Tracy in "Stanley and Livingstone" are encouraging to those who ponder on the cinematic fame of Hedy Lamarr and Mae West.

At eighteen Nancy Kelly has an apprenticeship of thirteen years in radio, silent pictures and the Broadway stage as a background. At twenty-eight she may be fulfilling Bide Dudley's prophecy as "Duse the second." She may even be Kelly the first.

# MACHINERY FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE

By JOHN J. STONBOROUGH



IN THE words of Lord Morley, statesman and historian, "Great economic and social forces flow with a tidal sweep over communities that are only half conscious of that which is befalling them. Wise statesmen are those who foresee what time is thus bringing, and endeavor to shape institutions and to mold men's thought and purpose in accordance with the change that is silently surrounding them."

Among the great problems of our time, the problem of establishing and maintaining amicable relations between employers and employed seems of outstanding importance. Anyone who has followed political and labor trends abroad will agree that the deadlock between capital and labor was a major reason for the overthrow of European democracies. It is apparent that the successful functioning of democracy depends primarily upon harmonious relations between those who work and those who direct work. When these relations break down, democracy goes by the board.

Specifically, three causes may be advanced for the breakdown of industrial relations in Europe. First, failure to understand economic realities; second, insufficient emphasis upon democratic and voluntary methods of conciliation and arbitration, which have proven so successful in Great Britain; and third, insufficient stress upon the common interest which binds all members of the general public.

The lesson we may draw from Europe is that even if the boat is rocked by but a few self-centered hard-heads among either capital or labor, the whole boat can be overturned.

The magnitude and intensity of industrial disturbances between 1934 and 1937, and the ensuing diverse suggestions for the regulation of industrial relations demand that impartial thought and careful analysis be given the scope and form of our future machinery of industrial relations, and the problem of intervention by a democratic government in labor conflicts.

IN ORDER to solve our problem of industrial relations more successfully than others have done, we must develop a better spirit in the conduct of industrial relations and must perfect our machinery for the avoidance and settlement of industrial disputes.

This machinery falls into two distinct parts:

- (1) The future machinery for collective negotiations in industry. (The development and extension of voluntary machinery for the avoidance and settlement of industrial disputes within separate industries), and
- (2) The future role of the government in industrial conflicts.

What Burke termed "One of the

This article represents the writer's personal views and is in no way to be associated with his position in a Government Department.

finest problems in legislation: namely, to determine what the State ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion," is a major difficulty confronting us. At present we hear far too much vague talk about the obvious necessity of capital and labor pulling together, and far too little discussion as to how that is to be achieved.

As a first step it may prove useful to study the conciliation and arbitration procedure of other democratic countries and see what they have done, so as to guard against, and profit by, some of the mistakes which they have made; mistakes which in some countries have helped to destroy democracy.

In Canada, as in the case of our railroads, both capital and labor are well organized, and accustomed to collective bargaining. The Canadian Disputes Investigation Act prohibits a strike or a lockout in certain industries until a report on the dispute has been made by a Board of Conciliation and Investigation. Employers and employees alike in these industries must, therefore, give thirty days' notice of any intended change in wages and hours.

The object of the Act is to create a delay between the beginning of a difference and the calling of a strike or lockout; during this interval, the disputants must meet under the supervision of representatives of the

general public. The Board, however, has no compulsory power, and once the findings have been published, the disputants are free to declare a strike or lockout.

Glancing at Norway, we perceive that the parties to a dispute must notify the conciliator four days before a strike or lockout is called. The conciliator may arrange for a conference lasting not longer than a fortnight; after this period he publishes his findings, and if no agreement was reached, the disputants can go ahead and strike or lockout. However, it must be remembered that in the Scandinavian countries for 25 years or more the existence of collective bargaining and written collective agreements has been taken for granted.

Perhaps the most interesting lesson for us is the careful distinction made there between disputes which arise over the meaning and application of an existing written agreement—so-called disputes about "rights," and disputes which arise over the conclusion of a new agreement—so-called disputes about "interests." In the Scandinavian countries differences of interpretation must be referred to a labor court which acts as umpire. It seems sensible to require that disputes which arise because the parties cannot agree on the meaning of a written agreement should be settled by arbitration. Indeed, a very large proportion of all agreements negotiated in our country today contain such requirements.

LOOKING around, however, we see that strikes have occurred equally in countries where they are prohibited by law, as in Australia, and in countries in which government policy is confined to conciliatory intervention. Any hopes, therefore, that this or that device will completely safeguard the country's industry against future interruption are likely to be disappointed.

It is the habit of consultation that needs to be fostered vigorously; for ultimately it is not the setting up of machinery that creates genuine industrial peace in a democracy, but rather the basic attitude which workers and employers take toward one another.

A cursory glance at recent conciliation and arbitration legislation in democratic and non-democratic

countries indicates that the movement towards legislative regulation of collective industrial relations throughout the world has gathered momentum. In this movement two features stand out: The growth of organized conciliation and arbitration procedure, and the growth of coercive government intervention. The establishment of compulsory features in the regulation of industrial relations is due to the fact that all countries desire to set certain limits to industrial warfare. Thus, we note that the idea of settling collective disputes through government intervention is steadily developing.

"Naturally," says the International Labor Office's report on Collective Agreements, "between complete willingness and absolute compulsion there is a whole range of intermediate stages. Many indeed, are the laws which have introduced certain measures of compulsion in conciliation and arbitration systems, such as the obligation to submit to conciliation, the prohibition of industrial disputes during negotiations, the obligation to bear witness before conciliation and arbitration bodies, etc. But the contractual character is not compromised by such restrictions, so long as the legal effect of awards depends on their acceptance by the parties to the dispute."

In many democracies industrial strife has been subjected to limitations through state intervention; first, by means of interposing a period of delay between the emergence of a difference and the calling of a stoppage. This period of delay is evident in our Railroad Labor Act, in the Canadian Disputes Investigation Act, in Scandinavia, and in other European countries; second, by outlawing strikes which arise over the application, interpretation, or validity of an existing collective contract. The trend to settle such disputes through labor courts is evident in the setting up of the National Railroad Adjustment Board and the Labor Courts of Sweden, Norway, Denmark and several other countries. Up to the present, results have been worthwhile.

Indeed, it was in the labor legislation of Scandinavia, when compulsory procedure for the adjustment of the latter type of disputes was introduced, that the distinction between disputes concerning rights and disputes concerning interests first made its appearance.

THE validation of the National Labor Relations Act established the right to associate and bargain collectively, but in the minds of many people it also gave rise to the dangerous belief that collective bargaining is an automatic guarantee against industrial disputes. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Experience here, in England, and on the Continent has shown that even when collective bargaining is fully accepted, the possibility remains that no agreement may be reached, and that resort may be had to industrial warfare.

Industrial peace cannot be attained by merely promulgating a law compelling the employer to deal with the representatives of his employees' choosing. Abroad, therefore, it has long been recognized as vital, that collective bargaining to be really effective, must be supplemented with extensive facilities for conciliation, voluntary arbitration and union-management co-operation within separate industries. Collective bargaining is but the first step toward orderly industrial relations and lasting peace, but is in itself no guarantee that peaceful negotiations will always prevail.

Broadly speaking, three categories of labor disputes may be distinguished: The first arising over the refusal of an employer to recognize or deal with a union; the second arising over differences concerning the application, interpretation or validity of an existing collective agreement; and the third springing from differences over a change in an agreement, the renewal of an agreement, or the conclusion of a new agreement.

The National Labor Relations Act fosters the growth of unions, the use of collective agreements, and



remedies the cause of the first mentioned class of disputes. The prevention and settlement of the other two categories, which necessarily increase as unions grow and agreements multiply, have, however, so far not received appropriate attention.

The most important factor in preserving industrial peace is not the past establishment of the right to bargain collectively, but rather today's decision on the scope of our machinery for the peaceful determination of wages, hours and the settling of grievances.

To be truly effective, the system of industrial peace in a democracy must encompass three vital points. First of these is collective bargaining by organized groups. The British Committee on Relations between Employers and Employed (Whitley Committee) in 1918 gave as its "considered opinion" that "an essential condition of securing a permanent improvement in the relation between employers and employed is that there should be adequate organization on the part of both;" second, federal laws governing conditions of work and compensation. The government must through factory and other codes of social legislation lay down certain limitations to the subject of employer-employee discussion; third, machinery of negotiation.

**T**HE MACHINERY of industrial negotiation must contain provision first, for the prevention of industrial disputes, and second, for their settlement. Prevention is obtained when the basic conditions under which work shall be performed are embodied in written agreements, these agreements in turn providing for a standard routine through which all grievances pass without undue delay. Prevention is aided by the establishment of standing joint committees in the well organized industries, in which differences of opinion are adjusted before they harden into disputes, and the habit of consultation fostered through regular discussion of non-controversial questions of common interest.

The settlement of disputes arising in spite of written agreements and standing joint committees, divides itself into two distinct classes: Disputes over the interpretation or application of an existing agreement,

so-called disputes over "rights" to be adjudicated by an outside authority mutually appointed in advance, and so-called disputes over "interests" involving either a change in agreement, the renewal of an agreement, or the conclusion of a new agreement, to be settled by one of three means: conciliation, government inquiry and optional arbitration.

**T**HE IMPORTANCE of efficient and appropriate conciliation machinery, and the conditions which such machinery must satisfy can not be sufficiently stressed. When envisaging a comprehensive system of regular consultation between employers and employees throughout American industry, the establishment of standing joint committees made up of trade union and trade association representatives to deal not only with controversial subjects such as wages, hours and the adjustment of grievances, but chiefly with matters of common interest merits consideration. For "we believe that regular meetings to discuss industrial questions, apart from and prior to any differences with regard to them, will materially reduce the number of occasions on which, in view of either employers or employed, it is necessary to contemplate recourse to a stoppage of work." (Whitley Reports.)

Considering the role the Government will play in the future, the fact stands forth that while trade union membership, collective agreements and joint industrial negotiations have made tremendous strides since 1933, government machinery for preventing or settling disputes has, with the exception of the Maritime Labor Board and the National Labor Relations Board, remained practically unaltered.

In settling disputes between a union and an employer concerning a change in existing conditions not covered by the present working agreement, it might be well to have legislation making it obligatory to inform the United States Conciliation Service, four working days in advance of any action, that workers or the employer intend to strike or lockout. Until expiration of that time, it would be illegal to stop work or to lock out the employees.

This would have the desirable effect of enabling a conciliator to ar-

rive on the scene, review the dispute, and make some attempt toward adjustment before negotiations are broken. Although this would create a compulsory step, it would be in the form of "negative compulsion."

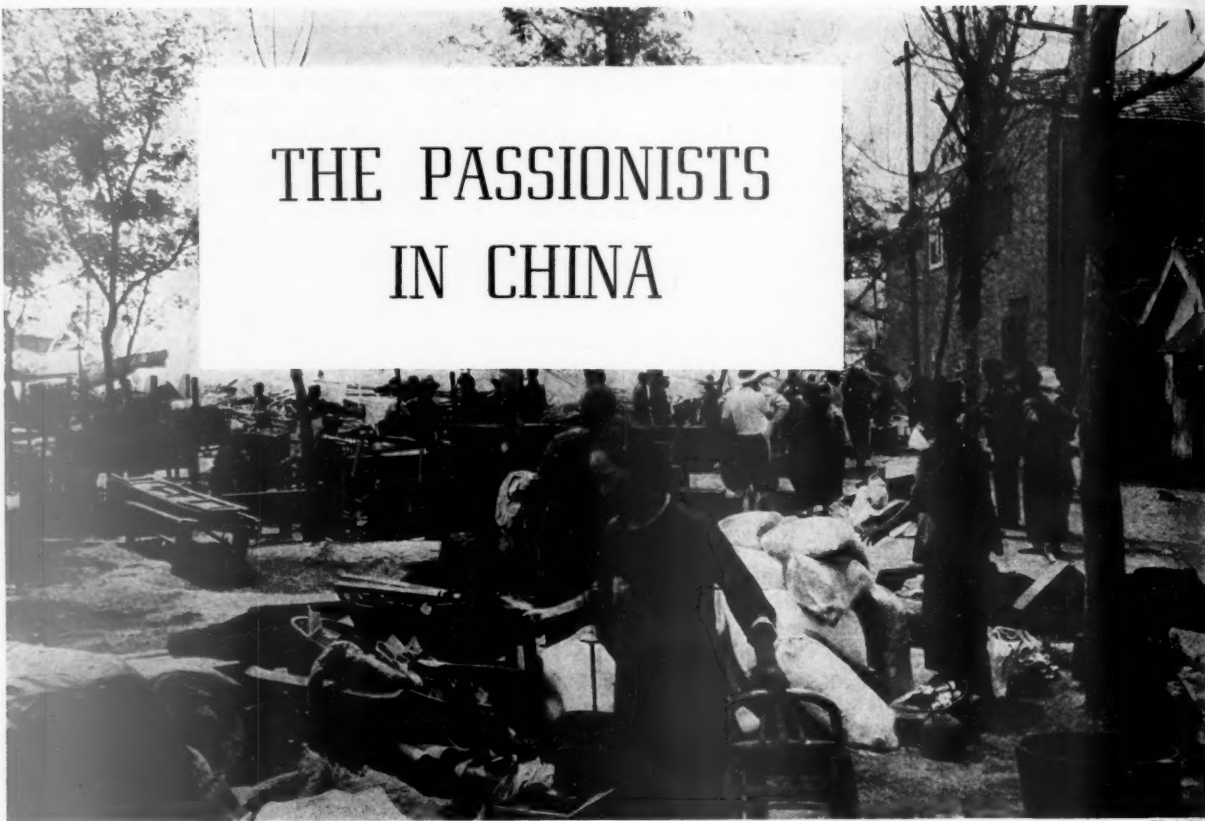
In the meantime, an appeal to management and labor to inform the United States Conciliation Service four days before the calling of a strike or lockout, thus showing their willingness to have an impartial outsider help them solve their difficulties in a fair way would most likely prove fruitful.

For it is necessary that in conciliation the emphasis be shifted from the remedial to the preventive. In other words, while up to this time the main efforts of the Conciliation Service have been to remedy a situation once it occurred, the Service should now rather be put in a position to prevent such situations.

In this country there is becoming visible a new and distinctive pattern of industrial relations which we must study as it evolves. It is the author's opinion that it will continue to develop along the lines charted in Scandinavia and Canada, and, contrary to certain present trends of public opinion, will not follow the British pattern. In America we have had to compress, within a period of a few years, far-reaching modifications in the relationship between employers and employees, which in England have taken fifty years of gradual change. Legislation can never substitute for organic evolution, and there would seem but little chance that we—though we could easily, by putting a few changes here and there, make our laws and practices identical with Great Britain's — could thereby achieve their present state of responsible industrial harmony.

**F**URTHER development of industrial peace in this country lies in a wider application of the principles embodied and proved successful in our railroad legislation, in the Canadian Disputes Investigation Act, and in the Scandinavian labor laws. Application of these principles takes cognizance of the fact that in a democracy, the liberty of each group is circumscribed by the liberty of all, and placing equal responsibilities upon the self-governing groups, sees that the general welfare is adequately safeguarded.

## THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



*Death, Confusion, Destruction, Fear—after an Air Raid*

*Black Star*

So hard pressed are our missionaries in China for time that we have no further articles at the moment on the Refugee Situation. One of our Mission Cities—Chihkiang, Hunan—was selected for the first combined attack of the Japanese army and naval air forces. Day after day, we learn from the short notes that have gotten through to us, the Fathers and Sisters are toiling at their posts. Only the supernatural mission which is theirs keeps them at their tremendous task. They are working under conditions that test the highest qualities of human nature.

They are handling broken bodies. They are feeding the emaciated victims of war. They are teaching the hungry of soul and speaking words of comfort to the despairing. They are not dream-heroes and heroines, but men and women of action.

From you, their friends in America, they ask the immediate help which they must have to continue their mission of mercy. You may send your offering to the Hunan Relief Fund—THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

# An Interrupted Task

By DENIS FOGARTY, C.P.

**H**AND in hand with the work of propagating the Faith in China goes the business of material construction. As the missionaries win souls to Christ, there arises simultaneously the need for churches, schools, orphanages and hospitals. Here the hunter of souls is confronted with a task of absorbing interest. I shall refer to my own experiences.

Fundamentally, the same problems of construction that beset the contractors in the United States must be faced in China. Location, the nature of the soil, stresses and wind pressure, a practical set of plans, the use of skilled and unskilled labor—all that goes into the making of a suitable building must be considered. The two chief sources of difficulty are the inferior quality of materials and the handling of labor.

When the Sisters of Charity began to build their urgently needed girls' school, the problem of location was easily settled. The only place available was a piece of land given to the Sisters by Bishop Cuthbert. The situation was good, and all that remained to be done was to choose the soundest part of the lot, since some of the land had been filled in.

After the plans had been drawn up and approved, the lines of the building were marked out, and the excavation for the foundation was begun. All this work had to be done by hand, since there is no machinery in this part of China. To step up the work, picks and shovels were bought. This was a new wrinkle to the Chinese, and it was fun to watch their first clumsy efforts with the unaccustomed tools. After a week they had acquired the knack of handling them rather well. This preliminary stage of the work is done, of course, by unskilled labor.

At the same time the carpenters were started on the window and door frames, joists, girders, laths and flooring. The only cut lumber to be bought in this part of China is short boards, rough cut and useless. There-

fore we had to buy trees. The trees, a species of soft pine, range from four to ten or eleven inches in diameter at the base and are from twenty to forty feet in length. Some trees are set aside for joists and studding, others for floor boards, and the thin tops are used for sashes and laths. The Chinese carpenters are clever at figuring out how to get the most out of each tree. They must be trained, however, how to make window and door frames, studding and joists, etc., in American style. They copy quickly, and after one of each has been made, they do the others.

The procuring of good bricks creates a real problem. The bricks baked here are soft, and frequently warped. It is almost impossible to get a well-finished brick for the outside of the building. Usually the surface bricks have to be rubbed before they appear finished.

The Chinese, both skilled and unskilled labor, work about nine and a

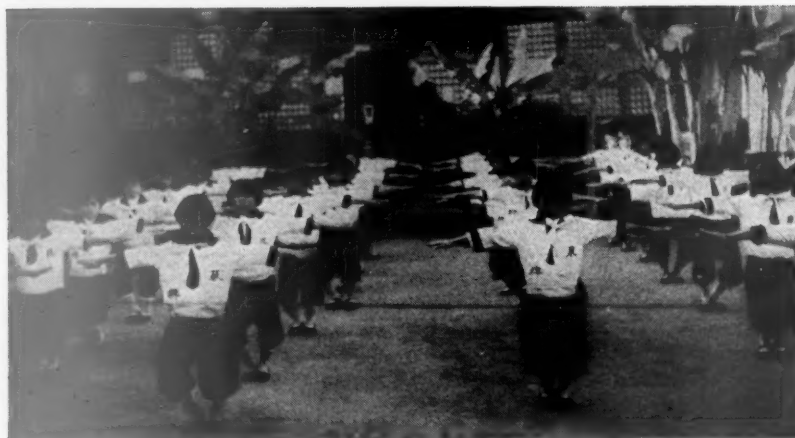
half hours a day. Yet the amount accomplished is less than is done in the shorter day in the States. The Chinese take their time; their tools are home-made; and they must prepare their materials without the aid of a mill. The priest in charge must be on the job all the time, or have a reliable foreman to see that too much time is not wasted.

When the foundations for the girls' school were started, it was uncertain as to how deep they would have to go. After the first two feet a yellow clay was struck, and under this a very hard red clay which was almost as hard as stone; a thing you dream about but seldom strike. The Chinese do their levelling by eye. When our laborers thought they had dug far enough, they moved to another part of the excavation. I brought an antiquated transit into play, and soon had them back to dig some more. By the way, if some generous reader wishes to send me the



AUTHENTICATED NEWS

*The victims of war are not all on the battlefields. Driven into the interior before oncoming armies, women and children beg for food and shelter from the missionaries*



*Above: School girls, under supervision of the Sisters of Charity, performing their daily physical drill—a required part of every school program. Right: Sr. Theresa, Chinese Sister of Charity, with some of the pupils of the Catholic Girls' School of Yüanling. The Sisters are trying to raise funds to take care of more applicants*



price of a good transit, I will be deeply grateful.

The foundation for the school was just about half dug, when the pressure of the war down-river began to be felt in Yüanling. Money became scarce and hard to get. In order to conserve the funds on hand, building was discontinued. All the bricks had been bought, all the window and door frames had been made, most of the joists had been cut and a large quantity of floor boards prepared. In another month the foundation, a mixture of lime, river gravel, sand and water, would have been poured. Along came the war to stop everything.

The school is sorely needed. The present quarters are in a wooden building too small for the number of children who wish to enter. It is poorly lighted, and a fire hazard. It accommodates about one hundred and eighty children. The new school will provide room for three hundred, distributed through twelve classrooms. It will be two and a half

stories high in the front, and three and a half in the rear. There will be no corridors in the school. The classrooms will be entered from a wide porch in the rear.

At one end will be a large auditorium, a necessity in every Chinese school because of the joint exercises of all the classes in the morning. Chinese schools are required to give several plays each year. The seating capacity of the auditorium will be well over three hundred, and hence a goodly number of outsiders will be able to attend the plays. It will offer a larger number of people the opportunity to see for themselves the Catholic school, and thus increase the prestige of the Sisters.

The dining hall will be in the basement, and will be large enough to provide for the boarders, and for pupils coming from a distance. The first and second floors will be occupied by classrooms and the auditorium. The third floor will be used as a dormitory for the Sisters in charge, the boarders, and the Chi-

nese teachers. In the rear of the school there will be a large playground.

The erection of the building will cost about ten thousand dollars. The added expense of furnishing it with desks, blackboards, tables, chairs, bookstands, beds, washstands, and all the other things that go to make a school, will require another five thousand dollars. So urgent is the need that money which was set aside for other uses was put into buying the materials. We have confidence that the friends of the Sisters will help them to complete the project.

Here is a splendid occasion for

anyone who wishes to promote education. Not only will the school benefit the pupils mentally, but it will aid them spiritually. The number of pupils taking religious instruction has been increasing each year. Now that religion can be taught in the classroom, the number of converts will be even greater.

As soon as the war in China is over, the school will go ahead. It will mean hard work for those engaged in the task of construction, but that is all part of the glorious endeavor to spread the Catholic religion in China. Not only will those who are actually busy building the school help to establish the Faith, but also everyone who assists us financially. If you wish to aid in this splendid program for bringing the younger generation of our district into the Faith, we shall be grateful to receive your help. It will be on hand against the day—which may God speed—when we can continue building. There will be no time to lose, once the war is over.

# Sportlights and Budgets

By MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

THE TIDAL WAVE of war has swept China's coastal civilization far back into the hinterlands. Modern garb and manners mingle today with the ancient usages. And of course the old must give way to the new; for no other reason, in many cases, than that it is the "new."

The youngsters, however, do not philosophize on the passing of the old ways. New fun is just more fun; and if it comes bouncing along in the form of a basketball, they seize it eagerly.

The Chinese in Yüanling have now taken so completely and so thoroughly to foreign sports that it should not surprise you to learn that they have come to the knowledge of the use of "ringers"; that is, the practice of drafting a number of ineligible athletes to make victory more certain. At the recent meet in Yüanling two grammar school basketball teams were scheduled to play off the championship game. Before the game one of the coaches got wind that the other team was going to draft some of the smaller high school boys as "ringers" for the game. The honest coach did not want his boys to lose the championship. In true Chinese fashion he hit upon a unique plan to get rid of the "ringers". He would start his team against the "ringers" without any objections; but urged his boys to play with all their might and skill for the first few minutes until they got the first basket.

Well, the boys, fighting for the honor of the school, went in and in a jiffy had the first basket. Their coach called time. His team was in the lead now, so no one could say they had quit because they were losing. The coach went up to the referee and complained that the other team was playing with three or four "ringers". The other coach denied it vehemently. "All right," said the honest coach, "we will take a picture of your team that is in the game now and see if it is not true that some of your players are high school boys." With that he called out loudly for the photographer whom he had

hired for this particular difficulty.

The photographer was standing in the crowd. Out he came with his big camera. This was too much for the other coach. The pictures would tell the truth. So after a half hour of loud talk he ordered the "ringers" to get out of the game. After the regulars took their places they proved no match for the honest coach's boys, so of course his boys won the game by a large margin. The other coach lost plenty of face and hadn't gotten over his sourness even at the end of the meet, a few days later. He would not stay for the award of prizes.

Michael Hsiang was a crackerjack basketball player; in fact he was the best player in our grammar school at Yüanling. Michael had played on the team for so many years that he seemed to be the key man; the smoothness of the team depended so much upon him. To date the school team had won every basketball game of the season but there still remained one more game to be played before the close of the school term. Every afternoon after classes the boys were

out there in the yard putting their whole heart into their workout, practicing for the final game. An undefeated record was their aim and ambition. Champions of the City!!

Imagine the utter dejection of the teachers, players and pupils, when only a few days before the big game they learned that Michael had quit school that morning and had skipped off. Something had to be done, and done quickly. Cost what it might Michael must be gotten back into school so he could play in that game. They could never win without him. Meetings and conferences were held. Inquiries were made amongst the pupils as to where he might have gone. You would think you were in America, so much fuss was made over the whole affair. It was not long before a number of tracers were sent out and they seemed to know where to go for they located Michael the following morning.

That was good news. Now that they knew where he was the next move (for the teachers, players and pupils) was to get Michael reinstated in the school so he could play



AMERICAN MEDICAL AID BUREAU

*A Chinese girl, wounded in an air raid, is given first aid*

in that final game. Thereupon a delegation was organized and they went to the pastor and presented their case. The honor, reputation, and face of the school was in the balance. Michael was repentant; wouldn't he take the boy back? The pastor agreed that since the boy was repentant he would gladly take him back; but on one condition. The discipline of the school and the morale of the student body must not suffer; so if the teachers, players and students were willing to pay for Michael's board for the final month of school—a matter of \$5.00—he could come back. Up to this time Michael had never paid any board, for he was supported by the Mission. Well, the delegation jumped at the idea and went back to the school with the answer. Everyone pitched in and in no time the \$5.00 was raised. Michael came back, played a great game, and the team won. Thus we see how seriously the Chinese even in the backwoods of Hunan, have taken to basketball.

**B**ECAUSE the population of China is so great, the struggle for existence is keen and this struggle unconsciously manifests itself in nearly all the actions of the Chinese. As they go about their work the inborn instinct to preserve life seems visibly written in all they do. Anxiety as to where they shall get their daily bread is constantly before their minds and guides and influences them at all times. There are so many, ever so many of them, who from day to day know not from where tomorrow's meal will come, who live in such dire poverty that there seems to be a note of sadness at all times and in all places in Chinese life. Truly they must be a people dear to the heart of God, for the scenes that the Son of Man saw when He walked this earth of ours and which moved Him to show so much compassion are the very same we see today in China.

Sellers and buyers are the same everywhere. Over here you will hear the salesman say to the buyer: "There is no difference; they are all the same size." Of course the buyer can see a slight difference in the size and will have his own way. To cap the climax, at the end of the sale, let us say, of some kind of small fruit, the buyer will always demand "add one more"; and he usually gets it. This is an accepted custom.

Here is an example of how Chinese women do business and as I look back upon the event it strikes me as a sort of one-act play. The scene: a Chinese shoemaker's shop in Hankow. The actors: a mother of three and the shoemaker's clerk. The mother had come for her children's shoes, and the clerk, trying to save as much money as possible for his boss, began to put all the shoes in one box. "No, I want three boxes. I bought three pairs of shoes and I want a box for each pair," said the mother. The clerk, without a word, reached for two more boxes and put a pair of shoes in each box. Trying to make matters right with the lady, as a gesture before wrapping up the first pair, he enclosed a small can of shoe polish. When it came time to wrap up the second pair of shoes he omitted the can of shoe polish. "How many pairs of shoes did I buy?" asked the lady in a firm tone. "Three," replied the clerk. "Then I want three cans of shoe polish." And she got them without a word from the clerk; for competition is far too keen over there to lose a good customer over two small cans of shoe polish.

The Chinese are experts in the art of making things last, for with them it is a case of absolute necessity. Those who can afford a little soap hate to see it melt away in a dish. How do they keep it dry while not in use? They hang it up. They take one of the old brass coins with the hole in it, tie a piece of string through it in a loop about three or four inches long and then insert the coin in the end of the soap. After washing they put the loop over a nail in the wall and the soap dries quickly. Very little of it is wasted.

**I**T TAKES children only a month to wear out a pair of Chinese cloth shoes. So if there are many children in the family you can imagine how busy the women and girl folks are making this footwear. They use every spare moment left over from their other duties in plying this art. With needle in hand, you will see them making the soles of these shoes while they walk about the kitchen, while they watch the baby, as they keep a little counter at the doorway. After using all the spare time they can find for this work you would certainly think that they could get ahead of the kiddies. But no; it is

a close race most of the time—the makers and the wearers keeping just about even.

It is a common sight in the country to see a Chinese tailor working out in the open before the front door of his customer's home. The light is so poor inside the house that the tailors prefer to work out of doors. The neighbors like this for they can see all that is going on and it gives them just so much more to talk about.

**O**NE DAY before starting out for a walk along the main street of Yüanling we decided to count all the sewing machines we saw along the way. It was a very easy job, for the owners of these machines keep them right out in the front of the store, in fact almost on the sidewalk. How many do you think we counted? Over thirty! All of them were Singers. One tailor shop had as many as three. A sewing machine is the best "ad" a tailor in Yüanling or in any other city of our Vicariate can use. The rapidity with which it does the work appeals to the country folk and they bring much of their sewing to the city to be done by these machines. Some years ago a tailor in Yungshun offered the pastor 100 Chinese dollars for the machine at the Mission. That is a pretty heavy investment for a tailor in a mountain city to make; but he must have thought it would pay him or otherwise he would not have made the offer.

In Hankow two rickshaw coolies will hire a rickshaw for 24 hours and divide the time equally between them. This is what the taxicab drivers in New York do. Wherever you go men are much the same in many ways.

Brooms at one time were as cheap as one half a cent apiece. Why? Because the soldiers were taking them out of the stores and burning them for firewood. In order to get rid of them without a total loss the storekeepers lowered the price to one half a cent apiece in order to induce the people to buy them.

Modern war, modern methods of education and transportation are bringing many changes to China. But it is safe to predict that characteristics and customs will linger on for years. We shall really miss some of them when they finally disappear from our mission district.

*Most Non-Catholics Have Very Little Knowledge of the Teachings of the Church. Sad to Say, There is Also a Great Deal of*

# Ignorance Among Catholics

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE second source of the conflict between the modern world and the Catholic Church is the converse of that spoken of in my last article. I dealt there with the ignorance of non-Catholics upon Catholic things. I deal today with the ignorance upon the full Catholic position from which we ourselves suffer.

That defect is of course a matter of degree. There is hardly anyone connected, however distantly or interruptedly, with the Catholic body who does not know the main facts about its contemporary life. No one who bears the name of Catholic, for instance, is ignorant of the Mass; however little he may know of the ritual. The main structure of the ceremony and the main doctrine underlying it are familiar to him. But take the Catholic body as a whole, and the measure of ignorance about Catholic things is far too great.

We must begin by making a distinction between the Catholic body in non-Catholic countries and the Catholic body in countries of Catholic culture, long established in that culture however much they may have lapsed in practice. By a curious paradox, the proportion of knowledge by Catholics upon Catholic things is nearly always greater in countries where the Catholics are in a minority than in countries where they are at least nominally a majority. Out of one thousand men and women who are baptized Catholics in France, for instance, you will find a far higher percentage of people who know next to nothing about their religion than you would find among the baptized Catholics of Holland.

This phenomenon is not difficult to explain. A minority is always a more disciplined body than a majority. The fact that it is constantly on the defensive compels it to be so if it is to survive at all.

On the other hand, the Catholic body in societies of Catholic culture has a wider *general* knowledge of its religion, however vague, than has a Catholic minority in nations of anti-Catholic culture. The French Catholic, however slack, even one who has lost all practice of religion, even one who has never known it effectively in childhood, is yet more in touch with the Catholic past and general Catholic ideas (such as the equality of men's souls or the purgatorial probation of the dead) than his more devout and practicing fellow-Catholic in a Protestant country. He has a greater historical sense.

Indeed the difference between the feeling for history in the one case and the other is one of the main contrasts between nations of Catholic culture in Europe and nations of Protestant culture.

Apart from the effect, good and evil, of being a minority, Catholicism is invariably strengthened by persecution *so long as persecution does not succeed in wholly destroying the thing persecuted*. When persecution *does* wholly succeed in its object, or virtually succeed, then the general truth just enunciated obviously cannot apply.

A very good example of this was England at the end of the eighteenth century. The persecution of the Church in England had been more thorough, more drastic, more continuously kept up, than in any other province of Christendom. The Catholic body survived in a maimed condition, but until the end of the seventeenth century, in 1688, those who actually proclaimed themselves Catholic were still one family in eight, and a century before that, at the time of the Spanish Armada, the great majority of Englishmen were still Catholic in mind and tradition.

Halfway between the two dates at the outbreak of the Civil War, openly avowed Catholics were still

one-sixth of England, and earlier still, just after the Gunpowder Plot of 1605-6, say 1608-10, the avowed Catholics of England were certainly more than one-quarter and probably more like one-third of the whole population. But after the downfall of the Stuarts, whose policy had always been one of toleration, Catholicism was virtually destroyed. A hundred years later, just before the French Revolution, it is estimated there was hardly one English family in a hundred which avowed itself Catholic. Our priests wore no distinctive dress to distinguish them from laymen, and though the Mass was said (for it was rightly thought to be no longer dangerous to the unity of the country), yet it was only said in holes and corners, in a few private houses, and in the chapels of foreign embassies.

THEN came the flood of priests from France. It being the policy of the English Government to fight the French Revolution, they welcomed the persecuted French clergy into England. It was these immigrant priests who began the work of recovery, at first of course on a very small scale but sufficiently to be of some future effect. It was through their influence that the first of those who are now called "Anglo-Catholics"—a sort of very high Anglican who proposes to unite Catholic tradition with the national Establishment—came into existence. The later movement of Pusey and Newman had a limited effect upon the leisured classes and especially the more highly instructed of them, but the numbers did not correspond to the zeal or the intensity of the conversions.

What really made the difference was the new wave of immigration due to the Irish Famine. It was after those mid-years of the nineteenth century that the Catholic Church

became—though still quite a small body—an organized and well-rooted one. They never grew to be much more than one-twentieth of the population (they are today hardly one-seventeenth) and the vast majority of them are of course either actually of Irish blood or of Irish connection through intermarriage. Persecution in Ireland, as in Poland, confirmed not only the strength of Catholic practice but the knowledge of Catholic things.

I might put it forward as my own private opinion that such persecution as is likely to come in the modern world (I think it will soon appear tentatively and will later increase in severity) will, please God, have the same effect. We have already seen something of that effect in the comparatively mild attack upon the religious Orders. These have been greatly strengthened in France and in Italy by the persecution of the late nineteenth century. The leading example of all is Spain. The wild orgy of massacre, burning and desecration which the so-called "Government" of Spain partly permitted and partly encouraged in 1936 has resulted in a reaction which will presumably save the country.

Meanwhile in the mass of the Catholic body this insufficient instruction upon their own business continues. With the mass of men it is not an ignorance of elementary doctrine or practice so much as an ignorance of the past and of the international relations of the Catholic body. But that form of ignorance, though it does not directly affect the individual soul, affects the Catholic body as a whole, indirectly, affects it very much for the worse.

It is perhaps unfair to quote too often the case of England, because England is exceptionally anti-Catholic in spirit and tradition; and naturally so, since all that we mean by the word "England" today has been built up on the basis of the Reformation. National conditions before the middle of the sixteenth century mean nothing to the average Englishman today. The England that we know was framed in the seventeenth century and only came

to maturity and became fully what it now is as late as 250 years ago.

It is inevitable, therefore, that in England the Catholic body should be cut off from its past. But though this weakness is, I say, inevitable with us it may be a great deal lessened by the teaching of true history and the corresponding continuous attack upon false history.

It is a battle of which I know a good deal, for I have been engaged upon it the whole of my life. I have been fighting that battle for nearer 50 than 40 years, so I know something about it. What is true of this

and the continuity between the present and the past is certainly more lively in the nations of the Catholic culture than in nations of the Protestant. Thus, whatever his individual opinions and views may have been, such an historian as Fustel in France created something like a revolution in the understanding of the remote past of the nation, and all its effect was in favor of the Catholic culture and against the alien anti-Catholic tendencies of the Universities. The same is true of the later excellent and powerful history of Bainville.

In England we have had nothing like this. I was myself during all my boyhood brought up at a Catholic school, with daily Mass and surrounded by all the Catholic things; but I was taught history out of a textbook written by old Frank Bright, the Head of University College at Oxford, whose History of England in four volumes is, like that of Trevelyan today, a mere anti-Catholic pamphlet.

The driving force of Catholic ignorance over here upon the Catholic past and indeed upon the whole past of the English nation is the necessity for conforming with the social atmosphere in which men live. The examination system takes the non-Catholic attitude in history for granted; all the universities take it for granted; the mass of ephemeral literature and speech takes it for granted.

I have thus made history the principal point because I think it is of greater importance in this particular connection than all the rest combined, but there are other provinces in which what may be called "internal ignorance" among Catholics should be watched; for instance, the very strong line of cleavage in the modern world between societies where divorce is prevalent and societies where it is not. Catholics ought to know that the particular social work of the Catholic Church as it was growing in the old pagan Roman Empire, and after its liberation and triumph in the fourth and fifth centuries, was the establishment of indissoluble marriage. The Roman civil courts went

## Festival For Our Lady

By EDITH TATUM

*Down in the forest's shadowed aisles  
I saw the dogwood trees  
Arrayed in veils of snowy white,  
Like fair young devotees.*

*Above their heads the jasmine vines  
Swung bells of fragrant gold,  
While underneath their waiting feet  
Carpets of flowers unrolled.*

*Soft music from the pines' harp-strings  
Crept through the woodland hush;  
And from deep, misty quietudes  
Came song of hermit thrush.*

*All nature breathed again with praise  
On this glad festal day  
In honor of Our Lady's name  
And her bright month of May.*

form of fighting our own ignorance here in England is true in a lesser degree almost everywhere throughout the white civilization. Thus among the Germans today the greatness of their race is closely associated with the greatness of the main anti-Catholic center of German life, Prussia and Berlin. In France a large proportion of the people, though they are strongly of the Catholic culture, have inherited from the rationalism and anticlericalism of the past and this spirit has increasingly affected the mass of the nation.

But the teaching of true history

on permitting divorce, the Imperial Codes granted divorce, long after the Church had declared it immoral; but the Church prevailed and at last Christian marriage became universal.

It is true of course that the mass of men in no country fall under the blight of divorce. Even Islam, where divorce is the easiest thing in the world, a mere private affair which anyone can secure by saying a few words, and no responsibility to the State or anything else—even Islam, which permits not only the most facile divorce but plurality of wives, is in the main composed of the normal family, that is, husband, wife and children. It is in the main attached to permanent unions. Divorced couples are an exception, I think we may say, even today in all countries and in all forms of culture.

Nevertheless the permission of divorce is one of the hallmarks of the conflict between the Church and the modern world, for even a small proportion of divorces affects the whole of society; the mere fact that divorce is possible affects the whole attitude of a community towards marriage, the family and the home. It is, therefore, not untrue to say of the modern world that in respect of the family that world is founded upon divorce—not upon the actual practice of it but upon the acceptance of it as moral.

The profound effect of this has not yet been fully felt anywhere, but it is part of what I have already called our "internal ignorance"—part of the lack of appreciation by Catholics themselves of what the Catholic Church is today—that the vivid and almost violent contrast between the Catholic doctrine of marriage and the modern world's doctrine of marriage is not fully appreciated.

Another form of ignorance into which we easily lapse, and a dangerous one, is the ignorance of what we have in common with those whom the highest Catholic authority has called "our separated brethren." It is a very important part of knowledge, and a difficult one to acquire, on account of two things: first, the fact that any false doctrine permeates the whole of a body in which it exists and affects the good side of it as well as the bad; second, because these things are not discussed among the general run of men as they

should be. The discussion of religion is known to lead to violent expressions of difference, therefore to quarrels, and is condemned as ill breeding.

It was not always so; in past generations—not so long past either—discussion on religion was open and acute and therefore fruitful. If we do not know the points which those who are separated from us (but bear the Christian name) have in common with us we misunderstand them and we misunderstand our own past. I know not how this evil is to be remedied save by the pen. The de-

## HILAIRE BELLOC

NEXT MONTH Mr. Belloc will conclude his present group of articles.

IN THE JUNE issue this greatest living Catholic writer will begin a series of articles which will continue the general theme of the conflict between the Church and the modern world.

HE WILL TREAT of the conflict between the Church and the world in the matter of institutions, and the opposition between the spirit of the Church and the spirit of the world.

AS A CONCLUSION Mr. Belloc will attempt to forecast the trials that lie ahead for the Catholic Church in the near future.

THESE ARTICLES appear exclusively in THE SIGN.

scription in books of human life and the effect there shown of heretical and true doctrine, are valuable foundations for understanding our fellows.

I have myself been specially fortunate in this matter. My English forbears were Unitarians for generations. One of the principal figures of the Unitarian world was my great-great-grandfather, Joseph Priestly. My own grandfather, Joseph Parkes (whose wife was a Priestley from Pennsylvania), was a prominent Birmingham Unitarian and Rationalist and his attitude af-

fected all my mother's earlier life. Many of my relatives have informed me upon this section of the Protestant world.

Also I was brought up by a woman of saintly character, who lived a Congregationalist from her childhood to her death. Nearly all my intimate friends in college and later in the world were of religious tradition other than my own, most of them Anglicans of various sects from the Sceptics to the Anglo-Catholics. I say I have myself been fortunate in this respect on which I am here preaching, perhaps too glibly; but at any rate my experience has taught me the advantage of knowing what we have in common with Protestants as well as those things in which we differ.

There is one last form of our ignorance upon the conditions in which we stand which will, I think, be more noticeable in the near future even than it is today, though it is today more noticeable than it was in the immediate past, and that is our ignorance of the growing infidelity of the modern world. We use the same names as did our fathers to distinguish between the various non-Catholic sects of the Christian world, but we forget that what used to be their fixed doctrines are now fallen to be mere opinions—and even hardly that.

The modern world is becoming de-christianized at a very rapid rate. It behooves us to be aware of that fact, even to insist upon it, otherwise we shall be like men who are threatened with a flood and take no precautions against it.

I myself who am writing this am old; I am far advanced in my 69th year. It may be that young men now entering life will live to see a world in which the Catholic body almost alone shall remain bearing the title of Christian with any meaning and with any conviction. It may be the other way. It may be that a considerable body of true doctrine will remain floating about among those who have not possessed the fullness of the Faith. No one can foretell the future.

At any rate, whatever the fortunes of our world be in this matter, we have the bounden duty of not remaining ignorant of what there is in common between us and those who have not the supreme advantage which we enjoy.

# Christ and the Auctioneer

By DAMIAN REID, C.P.

"WHAT will you give me and I will deliver Him unto you?" (Matt. 26:15).

That is Judas talking.

What a cool fellow he must have been. What will you give me and I will deliver Him up to you? He might have been talking about an oriental rug or a second-hand car. How much will you give me for it? Just an ordinary bit of merchandising. Here is something for sale, and what am I offered for it?

What did He have for sale? What was he putting on the auction block? A person named Jesus Christ. Rather an odd product to be peddling. A man. It is forbidden by our constitution to traffic in human beings. And this prohibition applies to any human being, even a person who may have made an attempt on our lives. By due process of law, he may be imprisoned for his crime; but he can never be delivered into our hands to be sold.

But why talk about enemies and the immorality of selling them for money? That circumstance does not apply here. Jesus Christ was no enemy to Judas. On the contrary, He was a friend. More than that, He was the best friend that Judas ever had. And His friendship for Judas was not of the covert, stealthy kind which can be practiced without the other person knowing anything about it.

Christ was not the sort of friend who felt kindly toward Judas and put in a good word for him occasionally without Judas' knowledge. No, He was an intimate companion of Judas. He lived with Him for three years. He ate at the same table and of the same food. He was always cheerful and kindly and encouraging. He even shared with Judas His secrets for the evangelization of the world. He went further than that and trusted Judas to act as His emissary in preaching to the people. And He commissioned Judas to administer the common fund into

which went whatever little finance came their way and out of which came the sustenance which enabled them to eat and keep alive. Judas had never been treated like that before. No one who was a friend of Christ ever could experience so rich a brand of friendship in anyone but Christ.

Judas was coolly selling his best friend.

Of course this is not the complete story of the ignominy which attaches to the name of Judas—to say that he betrayed and sold his best friend. The really drastic fact in the whole transaction was that he sold his God. He eventually knocked his God down to the bid of thirty pieces of silver. And this was another demonstration of his coolness.

The plan that he was actually hatching can be visualized somewhat dramatically in this fashion. A man named Judas sits down and mulls over in his mind this problem: "Here is a friend of mine named Jesus Christ. He does miracles. He does these miracles in such an astoundingly genuine way that He proves His contention that He is God. There ought to be something in this for me. Now let me be a good business man. I must remember that a fellow is only as good as his money makes him. Some make their money by selling silks and camels and transportation. They have an eye for opportunity. They think of everything in terms of its salableness, its market value, and the demand that the right people make to possess it. None of them have ever had the article that I can command. I have a God to sell. Where is there a market for the sale of a God?"

WE CAN imagine Judas wrinkling his brow and scratching his head over that question. And we can imagine him doing it very coolly. "Well, there are those Pharisees and

Sadducees. They have taken many a licking from Christ and they should be feeling pretty sore about it. I will see how the wind blows in that quarter."

"Then went one of the twelve, who was called Judas Iscariot, to them and said—'What will you give me and I will deliver Him up to you?' And they appointed him thirty pieces of silver.

JUDAS got thirty pieces of silver. There is no report as to how the haggling went. It is possible that he was offered only ten pieces and that it required good sales technique to get the offer raised—because thirty pieces was the price of a slave, someone who would work and be useful and earn money for his master. But they did not want Christ, Almighty God, as a slave. They merely wanted to kill Him. It is quite likely that the bargaining went on in that style. But the point is that Judas agreed that there was something in life that would represent a fair exchange for the life of Jesus Christ, his friend and his God. And the article taken in exchange could be a comparatively small material profit.

Now it is difficult for the average religious person to understand how Judas could have brought himself to commit so blatantly sacrilegious a deed. A little pilfering, for instance, might have been different. If he had confined his misdeed to diverting an odd coin now and then from group expenditures and invested it in some little creature-comfort for himself, the case would be different. That sort of thing has been done before. It is done commonly. And while it would rate him as a low, cheating rascal, it would no further distinguish his infamy than to place him among that numerous class which makes locks and keys so necessary an adjunct to modern life.

In fact Judas was precisely this kind of person. St. John refers to him as a thief and indicates that lar-

*Judas Has Been Sadly Misunderstood. He Was Not the Only One Ever to Commit the Disgusting Crime of God-Selling*



"And forthwith coming to Jesus he said: 'Hail Rabbi' and he kissed Him. And Jesus said to him: 'Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?'"

ceries of this sort were habitual with Judas. "He was a thief and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein." (John, 12:6.) Consistent tradition within the Church makes a great deal of this particular failing of Judas, and finds in it a vice which was eventually nurtured to the point that Judas sacrificed his soul to it.

**P**ERHAPS Judas proved himself a very wise investor and began to dream of the really big gains that might be made with greater capital. Once he warmed up to the game to that extent and incurred the loss of his moral perspective, thirty pieces of silver might look big enough to him to make treason worth the risk.

And after all where would there be any real risk? Of course he would have to part company with Christ and the others. That would be a bit embarrassing, for he could hardly keep this business of betrayal in the dark. But there would be other people in the world and other friends to be made. New circumstances might even provide a better hunting ground for a fortune seeker. This deal with the Sanhedrists would be good for only thirty pieces of silver; and once the deal was executed, the source of profit would be dried up. No matter what happened to Christ, there would hardly be a consistent market for Him. Christ could not be sold every week. And the risk would only be the risk of temporary embarrassment.

But even that would not be too bitter an experience. Did he not have sufficient practice in standing up under that sort of thing? Christ knew all about him. Had not Christ called him a devil? He might act successfully before the eleven; but Christ had a way of seeing through him. If he had to face Christ before as a cheat, could he not do it again? The more we think of it the more plausible it becomes.

He certainly abounded in hard, tough qualities. There was nothing soft about him. His bargain with the chief priests was a cool affair. But it could hardly be any cooler an affair than his execution of the bargain. Judas had agreed to lead a company of soldiers to Christ at night and to point Him out to them. If he had simply done that he would not have added considerably to the tale of his ignominy. That much was

already included in the terms of his merchandising. But there is one nasty little fact in the execution of his obligation which just about brings normal human feeling to the point of disgust. Why did not Judas stand back and whisper into someone's ear—"the man you are looking for is third from the left." There would have been some display of decent reluctance in that. Or why did he not merely describe Christ—"the tall man who is wearing the garment of such a color?" That would have shown some vestige of delicacy. Of all the signals of identification which He might have devised, why did it have to be—"Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He. Hold him fast." Why, in the very act of callous treachery, did he have to use that eternal symbol of fidelity and esteem—the kiss?

From the human point of view, that is perhaps the most revolting item in the career of Judas. Up to that moment, he had been guilty of selling Christ for thirty pieces of silver. But then he threw Judas into the bargain. There is no reason to think that he could not have held out on his employers in that matter. He could have insisted—"if you want Him as badly as it seems you do, then you will get Him on my terms. I will bring you to Him; but I will not kiss Him." He could have prostituted his conscience without so prostituting his human instinct.

We are left to speculation as to the movement of his personal tragedy from that point on. We know simply that in an hysterical frenzy, he went to the Sanhedrists the next morning, proclaimed his own guilt and Christ's innocence and returned to them their thirty pieces of silver. After that he went out and hanged himself with a halter. But just how his mind made the leap from the self-assurance with which he kissed and betrayed to the remorse which sent him back to undo the business, we do not know.

**T**HE plausible theory would be that he began to see himself as history would see him—not as just an opportunist who made a kill in a business deal; but as a man who sold his God. The principal function his name would have in the traditions of men would be to symbolize a type of criminality which would never cease to make godly

folk shudder—the type of criminality which would coolly and dispassionately take a comparatively small material profit as a fair exchange for the friendship of God.

When we say this much, however, Judas does not seem to be the solitary figure we are accustomed to think him. Except for his monopoly of the historic name of Judas, there are many others to keep him company. The colossal crime of God-selling is not his exclusive distinction. If the whole claim that Judas has to his notoriety rests on the fact that there is a price at which God should be sold, then he has to move over and give others place.

Other people have established a price at which they will sell God. And in many cases they will come down below thirty pieces of silver. Thirty pieces of silver would at least buy a slave. And Judas let Christ go for that amount. But there are other Judases who have a smaller idea of the value of their merchandise. They may rate Christ at the value of a little poisonous gossip. They may rate Him at the value of thirty cents which they may spend on iniquity. They may rate Him at the value of hobnobbing with a fast crowd.

**B**UT there are those who are not so niggardly, who put their price up to what they would consider a decent level. A person might not relinquish Christ except for what they consider a successful but unlawful marriage. Then there is large-scale graft. There is also large-scale sharp practice in business. Here we are coming to something dignified. Here Christ is not rated as a slave.

Judas has been sadly misunderstood. He deserves some sympathy. Not that he did not commit the disgusting crime of God-selling, but because most people think that he was the only one who ever did any God-selling. Judas has often turned up his nose at Judas. The man of America has scowled through the centuries at the Man of Judea. But that will not always be the case. There will some day be another auction, where the situations will be reversed. Christ will do the auctioning and many who censured Judas will find themselves rubbing elbows with him at Christ's auction block and being sold with him into slavery.



# WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

## *Ethics of a Best Seller*

ONE OF THE BEST-SELLING novels of the day is Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*. The book contains exquisite writing, almost poetical at times, but the plot does not seem to me to be of the material from which lasting fiction is made. There is a splendid unity of emotion in the telling, as the story is seen through the eyes of the young second wife. But otherwise, stripped of fair verbiage, and for all the public fuss and big sales, it seems merely a rather clever mystery yarn, told in throw-back fashion.

However, it differs from other mystery stories in this: usually the plot ends when the killer is found or unmasked, or when he confesses his crime himself—or the end comes from a mixture of these. This story wears its murder with a difference and with an appalling amount of bad ethics too. For here is the story of a man who committed murder, not for self-defense or any other conceivably moral motive, but because his wife was an unbearable person to live with, and especially because she had just told him she hoped soon to bear a child—and it would not be his.

One can understand the passion with which the man, almost maddened by the woman who had made his life a bitter, terrible thing, and who was now telling him that the heir he had been hoping for was not his—one can quite well imagine that faced with all this he would kill her. What is utterly inconceivable to me is the later development of the story. One can see why the new young wife is wholeheartedly with him, and sees only his side, even after he tells her the whole story—how he put his wife's body in her houseboat, drilled holes in the floor, towed it out to midstream, and let it sink, and how he even identified another body as hers though he knew well where her body was. With a Greek motive now entering, another ship sinks in almost the same place; the submerged houseboat and the body are discovered when the divers are raising the other boat.

Murder would seem to be out, but far from it. Of course there are other characters in the story who know or at least guess what has happened, but are all glad to have the whole matter rest in oblivion. Yet the hard fact is that here was a man who took the law in his own hands. And the fact, still harder to comprehend, that there is never any regret for taking life as far as he was concerned, nor does the young wife ever think that here after all was a woman who was, whatever her faults, entitled to her own life. There is no suggestion of payment for murder, whether to the law physically or to any higher law that involved con-

science. One is left with the feeling (and this holds true for all the characters in the book save one—and after all he was merely the villain) that of course it was terrible but it served the woman right.

How do you like that for an application of higher ethics? It is a long distance here from the old ideas of the Greeks that a pursuing fate overtakes those who even half innocently do wrong to another. It is a far cry from the implacable justice of the Old Testament with its idea of an eye for an eye. Both these were rigid and unbending laws of justice. But this book's ethics is also a far cry from the New Testament teaching of understanding and forgiveness.

It does not even explain the problem from a modern point of view; the dead woman was a pathological victim of her own twisted brain. A bit of psychoanalytical reasoning might have been brought in to clear things up so that the man could be considered not quite guilty. As a matter of fact a woman with so twisted a brain as hers could have been put in an institution until she was cured or until she died a natural death. But of course in that case there would have been no story.

The appalling thing about it all is the way everyone in the book but the villain has the feeling that her death was "good riddance." And almost equally appalling to me is the fact that many readers seem to feel the same way about her too.

## *Triumph of Spiritual Strength*

ON ONE OF THE FEW warm days which Nature has given us so far this spring I was out in our old garden uncovering sprouting bulbs and looking for crocuses and snowflowers hidden under the pack of last year's leaves. I am not much of a gardener, so what your real gardeners know as old stuff is news to me. And when I saw daffodil shoots actually pushing through brown leaves I was amazed. I had not realized that such tender shoots could push through the toughness of a dead leaf. But they did, and it was, I realized, because they had for all their frailty, the strength of life and the leaves had only the unresilient resistance of death.

I thought how it is like ideals; how, against hard facts that have no trace in them of the spiritual, ideals seem to make no headway. But after a while we see them coming, pressing gently but insistently through the deadness of material death, and emerging, still looking frail and unequal to the material which they have conquered. But they have life and the power of growth in them and that is what counts, whether in material daffodils or in a spiritual flowering.

# Big Talk

By EDWARD A. CONNELL

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMITH

"DON'T forget, Mr. Crouse," warned Chester Mayer, pointing with the brass letter-opener, "talk in a big way. If you don't regard yourself highly you can't expect anyone else to do it. Right?"

Bob Crouse tried to indicate his understanding agreement, but he couldn't get out of his mind the notion that the talkative Mr. Mayer, head of the Mayer Employment Agency, was doing the bald-headed-barber-selling-hair-tonic act. If, thought young Mr. Crouse, the magic formula was as easy as all that, Chester Mayer himself should be sitting in a magnificent oak-panelled office with a Tudor fireplace and Oriental rugs.

Bob Crouse walked across town four blocks to Lexington Avenue and headed southwards. He bought a nickel shine at the entrance to the Morley Building and took the elevator to the eighteenth floor.

He was glad when the languid-looking, sloe-eyed girl at the desk in the reception room told him that he would have to wait ten minutes to see Mr. Ashley Bernhardt. This would give him time, he thought, to get himself composed and buff his approach to a nice polish. He felt his inside coat pocket to see if the two expensive cigars were ready to be extracted at the proper moment.

The girl at the typewriter was chewing gum deliberately and somewhat mournfully. Every few seconds she would cease typing and erase some word on the paper. When the telephone rang she lifted the instrument as though it were a wet dishrag and said "Bernhardt Company, Investments" as though she had some long-standing sourness of attitude towards all Bernhardts, companies, and investments. When the buzzer finally rang, she said "O.K." without lifting her eyes from her typing. Then, as a concession, she glanced at Bob Crouse and said:

"Right through there—first door on the left."

Ashley Bernhardt was a fat-soft pale type. His complexion was tal-

um-powder-over-blue. His stiff shirt collar was far too tight and the ruby ring he wore too immense. His nose had a boneless look to it.

"You are an accountant?" he asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Seven years' experience," Bob Crouse answered.

"What type of work did you do?" queried the other man.

Bob promptly went into the first phase of his campaign to impress this potential employer. He told of his formal accounting education. He talked of his trials and tribulations as overworked traveling auditor for the Davis-Weld Company.

"So I said to myself seven months ago—where am I getting? Just a cog in a machine—I do all the work and the boys in the front office get all the credit. I wasn't broke. I had a nice little nest egg—prudent investing during the depression—"

"Ah," said Mr. Bernhardt approvingly. "Wise young man." Mr. Bernhardt was bewildered and was trying to keep his thoughts corralled. He was desperately trying to dismiss this man's previous connection as an unfortunate coincidence.

"Then when this case in Scranton came up and they sent me down there, I made up my mind to come back and get a raise or get out."

"Pretty town, Scranton," said Mr. Bernhardt, looking out of the window. "I had a friend in Scranton years ago. Go ahead, Mr. Crouse."

"So it was a mess," Bob said. "We'd given a cluck down there six thousand dollars easy credit. Old Davis got suspicious when he didn't get any answers to his letters and sent me down. This party's name in Scranton was Fiedler—B. Y. Fiedler—well do I remember the name. Well, when I got to Scranton, B. Y. had folded his tent and moved along. I hung around there for awhile picking up what dope I could for the outfit. Which wasn't much. Even the lawyer next door had never seen him. Then I went back to Boston."

"And when you got back, Mr. Crouse?" Bernhardt asked slowly. "I suppose you continued to work on that particular case for your employers?"

Bob suddenly thought of the cigars he had in his pocket. He took them out and laid them on the desk.

"Don't mind if I do," said Bernhardt. He took out a small tubular lighter, snapped the small ratchet wheel, and held the flame across the desk. The two inhaled deeply and settled back. Bob's feet were damp and cold but beads of perspiration stood out on Mr. Bernhardt's white forehead.

"THE POSITION I have," said Mr. Bernhardt, "is probably not exactly what a man of your background and experience would want."

Bob Crouse's heart sank. This was the eleventh lead he had followed from the Mayer Agency. He hated to think of the expression on Hilda's face when he got home that night. The landlord had given them until six o'clock to pay off half the arrears or get out.

"Well," Bob answered, "I don't care what the salary is. I'm all through looking at this problem from the quick-money angle. I want a connection where I can go up in proportion to my ability."

"Your cigar is out," said Bernhardt, looking at Bob through half-closed eyes. "Here, light it yourself," and he laid the metal lighter on the desk. Then he made a sudden snappish motion to retrieve it, but Bob Crouse had picked it up and was moving the little wheel with his thumb. Bernhardt leaned back and gripped the arms of his chair. Bob Crouse put the lighter back on the desk and puffed contentedly. Despite his drooping spirits he was determined to keep up appearances.

"Suppose," said Bernhardt, "we have another talk in a few days? I have an important engagement in a few minutes. I have a feeling that maybe your experience will be sufficient—more than sufficient. It was



*Bernhardt leaned back and gripped the arms of his chair*

just a case of wondering if you couldn't do better elsewhere. I can't afford to pay you too much right now. By the way, I am interested in this Scranton affair—you did not catch up with your man?"

"No," said Bob brusquely, "no one knew much about him down there anyway." Bob was feeling more confident now that there was an opening for him to work on. "They traced him to New York and right after that I quit and lost track of it. He may be in Sing Sing right now for all I know."

"Yes," said the other, "he may be in Sing Sing. Well," and he arose slowly, "you will hear from me, Mr. Crouse. I want to talk it over with my associate, Mr. Dorrance."

"Thanks, Mr. Bernhardt," Bob said vigorously. He didn't know whether to abandon his front now that the situation was improving. Bernhardt seemed to be all right.

As they walked out into the reception room Bernhardt's hands were moist and trembling. He expected to see another man waiting there, a hard-bitten individual with

a square-set jaw and steely blue eyes. But no one was there except the girl.

When Bob Crouse had left, Bernhardt went back into the small office. He poured a stiff Scotch and gulped it down nervously. Then he rolled the lighter slowly across the desk. The initials stood out plainly—"B.Y.F."

He dictated a note to the girl.

"How does it sound now? Read it back," he said.

She read the brief note.

"—But we will keep your name on file should the occasion arise when we can use a man with your excellent training," it concluded.

Bernhardt put the lighter inside the folds of his morning paper, as yet unopened. As he passed the Lexington Avenue entrance to the Grand Central Terminal he dropped the paper into the waste can. Then he turned hurriedly and walked into the terminal entrance. As he boarded the Albany train he saw a slim man in gray look at him with a piercing glance. Bernhardt walked forward to the smoker as the train pulled out. In a few minutes

the same passenger took the seat across the aisle. He was Arthur Van Lassen returning to Albany from a sales meeting of the Cardiff Assurance and Protection Company and he glanced across the aisle several times at the white and nervous man sitting there. Unable to stand the strain any longer, Bernhardt gave himself up to the Albany police.

That night Bob Crouse walked slowly into the apartment after a day of watching movie newsreels, steam-shovel operations, and auction sales in 8 x 50 jewelry stores on Forty-second Street. Hilda Crouse met him at the door with a telegram from the Davis-Weld office. He read it over and over again:

"Excellent work on Fiedler case. If you care to come back with us will you wire this office tonight?" Bob Crouse rushed out to the telegraph office.

The man with the stubble beard picked the newspaper out of the waste can and the lighter dropped on the sidewalk. He picked it up, appraised it nonchalantly, and strolled along. He never guessed its history.

*In Spite of Tremendous Obstacles the Victorious Nationalists  
Are Making Great Progress in Their Work of Creating*

# The New Spain

By OWEN B. McGUIRE

**T**HERE is a New Spain. That was apparent to me when I went to Spain in the summer of 1937. With the exception of a few short summers in France and the United States, and one in England, I had lived in Spain from September, 1916, to November, 1933. In those countries I had seen what war does to the daily life of the civil population. I thought it would not be much different, that perhaps it would be worse in a country engaged in a civil war.

With such preoccupation I went back to Spain in 1937. I was astonished at what I found. There was an amazing improvement. In the localities I visited, except for occasional troop movements, there was no appearance of war conditions. There was peace and order and joyousness, business as usual, everybody working, no strikes, an abundance of food and as cheap as I had ever found it there.

The enemies of Catholic Spain and the supporters of the Red regime have been dismayed by the manner in which the war in Spain has ended. It is difficult now to conceal the truth. If the cause were worthy, one would have to sympathize with the embarrassment of some of the editors of our metropolitan press. Franco has so cruelly disappointed them. If, when his army entered Barcelona and Madrid, he had just had fifty or a hundred of the "Loyalists" lined up against a wall and shot offhand, it would have been a godsend in some of the editorial rooms. It could have been used to show that Franco was acting true to form; was the cruel, blood-thirsty, revengeful "Rebel" they had depicted for thirty-one months; for the Jay Allens could easily have raised the number to four or five thousand and our Leland Stowes could have testified that Jay Allen

was the "most outstanding and reliable of all our foreign correspondents."

But Franco has shown no inclination to oblige them. At Barcelona and Madrid he did what he had done in 1937 at San Sebastian,



*Peninsular News Photo*

**Generalissimo Francisco Franco**

Bilbao, Santander and Gijon: told the deluded that there would be no reprisals, no punishment except for criminals duly convicted, gave them bread instead of bullets and brought back rejoicing those who had fled in terror.

When Franco entered Barcelona where thirty thousand of the civilian population had been done to death, and where the Communist Government when it came up from Valencia in 1937 had slaughtered 2,000 of their own "Loyalists" on the plea that they were all "Trotskyists," he issued the following appeal to the

long-suffering people—which appeal, by the way, I have not seen published in any of the secular dailies that I read:

*"People of Catalonia! I appeal to you not to give way to any act of reprisal against those who have made you suffer so long. Justice must not be founded with revenge. Our victory must be worthy. Let pardon and clemency be the true chastisement of those who have deceived you. Only the leaders have been responsible and they have fled with their booty."*

Now, these two facts I have briefly described can no longer be denied; namely, that to more than half of Spain Franco has brought peace, order and prosperity for two years, and that his soldiers have shown exceptional discipline and restraint, himself a spirit of generosity and charity, an evident desire, manifested by his acts, that there should be a place in Spain for all law-abiding Spaniards, and freedom for all except convicted criminals.

Will Franco be able to carry out permanently in the whole of Spain the work that he has already initiated and in part accomplished up to the conquest of Catalonia? Here our editorial friends and the supporters of the late "legitimate and democratic Government" try to get some comfort in their sorrow and embarrassment. "Now Franco's woes begin" is the headline of one editorial. "Valencia falls and the purge begins" heads another. "Franco is now master of Spain" says still another "but . . . how will he use his victory?" What will he do with Spain, prostrate, wounded, still bleeding, exhausted and impoverished? How will he free Spain from the stranglehold of Hitler and Mussolini? Or does he wish to free her—and join the "democracies"?

Just at present, while we read of a new threat of a world conflagration every morning and another every evening, it must be confessed it is not easy to answer all the questions put forth—the form of Spain's future regime, her foreign policy, domestic policy, the future of religion in Spain, relations between Church and State, between capital and labor, etc. An adequate answer to any one of these would require a separate article.

In what follows, therefore, I shall deal with only one of these questions—the one that seems of more immediate interest as it is also the more discussed and misrepresented at present—the policy and program of the Franco Government for the reconstruction of the New Spain. We can call this their domestic policy.

There are two questions, in this respect, which seem to bother alike the friends and the enemies of the Nationalists. What is their program for the reconstruction of Spain? Will they be able to carry out that program in face of the many difficulties that confront them?

The spirit of their policy is manifest in the appeal of Franco to the people of Catalonia, and in numerous other documents already published. Their objective, what they hope and want to obtain, was declared by Franco himself in accepting the post of head of the State as well as of the army:

"We are entering on a new historical stage with a new State in which *Social Justice* (these words emphasized in his speech and italicized in its publication) is rooted in the principles of our one Catholic Faith which must again give unity to our Motherland . . . People who do not know us believe we are merely waging war and nothing more. We are also carrying out a profound revolution which is inspired by and based on the teachings of the Catholic Church."

What Franco meant by Social Justice he defined on the same occasion: "Justice, equality before the law, is what we offer. Work for all, social justice without rancor or violence; an equitable and progressive distribution of the wealth of our Motherland without destroying or imperilling Spanish economy. Our impulse is not determined by some

bastard interests, nor do we desire to go backward along the road of history; because institutions, however they may be named, should guarantee a minimum of fellowship among citizens of the same Motherland . . . From the shipwreck of some of the legislative experiments we shall salvage all that is compatible with the interior peace of Spain and her desired greatness . . . The spirit of hate and vengeance has no place in our breast . . . Social Justice will be the cornerstone of our Empire and there will be no place for destructive or suicidal class warfare . . . We shall carry out successfully the sacred task of social reform and demand of all the fulfillment of their duty."

As he has repeatedly declared elsewhere, every Spaniard in the New Spain will have not only the right, but the duty to work. To quote: "We must so build in Spain that the fire is kept burning in every home. We must secure a family wage. In the factory and workshop satisfaction and harmony must reign. All citizens will have the right to work . . . We shall create a fraternal, industrious and hard-working Spain where parasites and vagabonds will find no place. We shall not permit parasites. All Spaniards will have to work according to their ability. All Spaniards, *without exception*, will be obliged to work. The New Spain cannot maintain parasitical citizens."



Wide World Photo

A truckload of children celebrating the Nationalist victory passes through the streets of Madrid

And the National Movement has been described here as a combination of swaggering militarists, great landowners, aristocrats and society *Señoritas*!

But it is one thing to declare a policy, another thing to carry it out successfully. Here arise two questions: Can Spain produce and maintain such a State in which there will be abundance for all her citizens? Has she ever shown that she can do it?

In dealing with this question of the reconstruction of the New Spain and of its future possibilities, it should be remembered that Spain is potentially one of the richest countries in the world. There are few countries—none in Europe—that could be made so nearly self-sufficient. Spain was the richest province of the whole Roman Empire, the granary of Rome, even more so than Egypt was. But grain was only one source of the wealth the Romans extracted from Hispania.

It may surprise some of my readers to learn—it certainly surprised me when I first learned it—that under the Roman Administration, in the period of its greatest prosperity, Hispania, including what is now Portugal, maintained a population about double what it is today. It is amazing to walk through and around some towns in Spain and see in the ruins the mute but eloquent witnesses of "the glory that was Rome," the amazing achievements of that extraordinary people.

What was done once can be done again; and Spaniards have done some things as great as any the Romans ever did. They carried the Cross of Christ and the banners of Castile from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, and northward to the center of what is now Colorado. They conquered a New World that has given birth to twenty new Spanish-American nations.

It is necessary to correct another delusion—that the war has exhausted Spain. The destruction has indeed been great, especially where the Reds ruled longest. But Spain is not exhausted. When I was there in 1937, I said to one of the leaders: "They say in America that if you don't get a decision before Christmas you lose." "Why?" he asked. "For lack of further credit and the supplies you will need." "We need nothing. We have all we want. We

can carry on for twenty years," he answered with great emphasis.

It may have been an exaggeration. But the fact is that Spain has under her soil in mines, and on her soil can produce, everything she needs—with two exceptions, important in the modern world, oil and rubber.

The war has not exhausted Spain. Another evidence of this is now better known because it cannot be denied or concealed. As the cities of Catalonia were liberated, miles of caravans, thousands of trucks, lined the roads, loaded with provisions for the people who had been starving. Evidently the people of Franco's Spain had been able to produce not only enough to live in plenty themselves, but a surplus to feed the rest of Spain.

But, will Franco and his Government be able to make those he has now conquered co-operate in the work of reconstruction? What will he do with the thousands of prisoners who had fought against him? With those who laid down their arms but are still hostile? With those who gave up only because they were starving? And will he be able to preserve unity among his own followers who came from different parties and were held together during the war only by hatred of Communism? Such are the questions I have seen in the editorials.

I will try to take these questions in order as briefly as possible.

(a) *The meaning of the division in Spain in general.* Only a few months before the war ended, one of our popular Catholic weeklies said: "Spain seems to be about evenly divided." That shows a misunderstanding of what happened in and after the elections of 1936. As I have just said, the people of Red Spain were not much different from those of Franco's Spain. It is now perfectly clear that the vast majority of them were anxiously awaiting their deliverance.

**A**GAIN, notwithstanding the fraud and intimidation in the elections of 1936, the Red Government had to admit in the official returns that their opponents had a majority of half a million of the popular vote. Still again, thousands who had voted the Popular Front regretted it before three months had passed. They had not voted for anarchy. This regret increased, of course, as

the war continued and they saw what they were in for if Franco did not win. This argument becomes *a fortiori* for Catalonia, where among other reasons for opposing Franco was the fear of losing their Statute of Autonomy.

(b) *The prisoners.* It is said there are 600,000 prisoners. Of the prisoners who laid down their arms in the operations at Barcelona and Madrid, the Government announced a week ago that 100,000 had been given full freedom. When I was in Burgos last August the Government published the statistics of the prisoners taken up to date (August 15). There were in all 207,500. Of these 135,000 had been already given full freedom; the cases of 35,000 had not yet been examined. Of the rest a good half were foreigners.

(c) *The Reds.* The numbers given in the daily press of the various extremist parties have been greatly exaggerated. The numbers were usually those given by the leaders. They included those who from February, 1936, were forced to join or be shot. Again the C. G. T. (Labor Unions) were never really Communist, nor even Socialist; but they had followed the Socialists in working for reforms.

In this there is a lesson for all of us. It is this: Where the Communists have liberty of action they gain constantly at the expense of the Socialists. When the real fight comes the Socialists, willingly or reluctantly, have to accept the Communist program and leadership. The former was proved in Germany and France, and in Spain before the war, the latter in Russia and in Spain when the war came. But in the New Spain the vast majority of these Socialists and Catholics, who were forced to obey them, already see their error and denounce Russia and the Communists.

(d) *The Requetés and Phalangists.* There is no fear of the Requetés causing division in the Movement. They will accept Don Juan as King if the Monarchy is re-established. They are, as a group, the most Catholic in Spain. What they have always striven for they will have now: their local liberties—not local parliaments—and security for their Catholic Faith.

The Phalangists were originally a small group of young men, founded by José Antonio Primo de Rivera,

son of the dictator. His position was that neither the Monarchy as it was, nor the Republic as it was set up, could save Spain. He was particularly bitter against Alfonso, who, by yielding to the advice of the Court Party, had withdrawn confidence from his father and brought to ruin all he had done. He published a program of twenty-seven points for the redemption of Spain.

**T**HIS program was radical. There were a number of party groups opposed to Marxism, some of them Catholic in reality and others only in name, who believed that a democratic Republic could be made to function. When the Popular Front seized power, De Rivera could say "I told you so." As the anarchy proceeded in the spring of 1936, the young men of these groups joined the Phalanx, irrespective of their leaders. When the war came, practically all the young men opposed to Marxism and Russian control joined the Movement.

This explains why, by the time Franco's army had reached Madrid, a number of the western and northern provinces into which his army had never entered were already liberated—for instance, the Provinces of Galicia. It explains also why so many of the Phalanx were massacred in Red territory. They would not fight for Communism. They preferred to die, as Spaniards and Christians. Now, when the New State was set up and Franco made its head, all these young men accepted, with modifications, the program of the Phalanx.

That is what the Phalanx means today. The Requetés also agreed. So did the old Monarchists of every class, for they saw clearly that the only way to save their own interests and to save Spain itself was to make the Movement succeed. There will be no disunion.

The fact is clear and it must be realized that what has taken place in Spain, and is still proceeding, is a veritable social and economic Revolution, and a very radical one. Another fact equally important is that this is the work of new men and of a new generation. We Catholics who have seen its meaning from the start, can rejoice and repeat the cry of those young men as they marched in triumph into the city of Madrid: *Viva España inmortal!*

# The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

## Studies for Priesthood

*In the January issue you stated that it takes from ten to twelve years for a priest to complete his studies. I knew a few priests who were ordained in their early twenties. Will you please explain this a little further?*  
—N. N.

Candidates for the priesthood are supposed to have completed a high school course (four years) before they enter on the study of philosophy, which endures for at least two years. Four years of theology follow, which make a total of ten years. In some religious institutes priests spend an extra year or so after ordination in the study of sacred eloquence as a preparation for mission work. This is the case with the Passionists. Canon Law prescribes that the candidate must have completed his twenty-fourth year before ordination to the priesthood, but the average age is above this.

## Crucifix During Benediction

*Is there any Church law regulating the removal of the crucifix over the tabernacle before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament?*—N. Y.

"During the public Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament the cross [crucifix] may remain in its proper place or be removed, according to the custom of the place. S.R.C. 2365, ad.1." (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, n.50). If the custom is to remove the crucifix, it ought not to be done too long beforehand.

## Killing of Infants

*A fellow-teacher states that the Church permits the killing after baptism, either by positive or negative means, of newly born children who are patently monsters. Is this true?*—G. E. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Your fellow-teacher, though a Catholic, displays a lamentably poor understanding of Catholic ethics and morality. For no reason does the Church permit the killing of infants, even monsters, whether by positive or negative means.

## Communion Cloth and Paten

*Is the Communion cloth as well as the paten required by the rubrics of the Mass?*—F. S. O'NEILL, NEBRASKA.

Fr. Augustine, O.S.B., in his book on Liturgical Law says, "In the meanwhile, according to the Ritual, the server should spread out a linen cloth or white veil. The latest instruction of the Sacred Congregation reads: 'During the distribution of Holy Communion, besides the Communion cloth, a communion paten without engraved ornamentation on its inner side shall be held under the chin of the communicants, except when a priest assisting a bishop or other prelate or the deacon at solemn Mass holds the paten'."

## Male Communities Caring for Sick

*Would you please inform me if there are any male religious communities who specialize in taking care of the sick?*—CHICAGO, ILL.

The Alexian Brothers, 1200 Belden Avenue, Chicago, Ill., the Society of St. Camillus, 1611 S. 26th Street, Milwaukee, Wis., and the Brothers of Charity, 11 Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass., are three male religious communities which are engaged in caring for the sick. There may be other communities of this kind in the United States.

## Hocus Pocus: Catholic and Non-Catholic "Our Father": Why Call Priests "Father"?

*What is the significance of the phrase "hocus-pocus"? Why is there a difference in the conclusion of the "Our Father" as said by Catholics and non-Catholics? Why are Catholic priests called "Father"? Is there not a passage in the Bible wherein Christ says, "You shall call no man father but God Who is in Heaven?"*  
J. H., BALTIMORE, MD.

(1) The phrase "hocus-pocus" is part of the terminology used by magicians. Some writers have seen in the use of the phrase a contemptuous and irreverent reference to the words of consecration pronounced in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

(2) The form of the Our Father as used by Catholics is identically the same as taught by Our Lord. The conclusion used by non-Catholics is taken from the King James Version of St. Matthew and is not found in the most ancient manuscripts of the New Testament. This conclusion was rejected by St. Jerome in the fourth century and by many Protestant scholars; v.g., the Protestant revised edition of 1881, the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, etc.

(3) The title "Father" as applied to the Catholic priest is simply an acknowledgment of the spiritual fatherhood of the priest. Since it is the priest who ordinarily administers the Sacrament of Baptism and thereafter through the other Sacraments provides for the spiritual growth of our souls, it is but natural that the title of "Father" should be bestowed upon him. In this there is no contradiction to the words of Our Lord. We have but one true Father—and He is in Heaven. The priest, as spiritual Father, takes His place in our regard on earth.

### ***Devotion to the Passion and the Blessed Sacrament***

*Should devotion to the Sacred Passion or the Blessed Sacrament come first in our lives?*—F. B., DAVENPORT, IOWA.

It is difficult to see how one devotion can be had without the other. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the same Jesus Who suffered the pains and desolation of the Passion. One devotion presupposes the other to the devout Catholic.

### ***Vows of Sisters***

*In a discussion some maintained that the vows of Sisters could be broken (with proper authority) at the end of a specified time. Others said the vows can never be broken.*—H. M. N., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The answer to this question is really simplified by clearing up some terms. Vows may never be broken. However, some Sisterhoods take vows for a determined time—generally one year—and at the expiration of that time the vows automatically expire, leaving the Sister free either to renew the vows or seek another life outside the Convent. Other Sisterhoods take perpetual vows and once a Sister pronounces such vows she is not free to leave the Convent. If for some reason she wishes to engage in another form of life she must apply to the Holy See for a dispensation from her vows.

### ***Alfred Noyes and his Voltaire***

*Please explain the attitude of the Church regarding Alfred Noyes' biography of Voltaire. Is the work on the Index now?*—T. E. C., SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK.

Noyes' biography of Voltaire was declared worthy of condemnation by the Holy Office. Actual condemnation was withheld to give the author and the publisher time to withdraw all copies of the book and insert corrections in future editions as suggested by the Holy Office. As far as we know, the new corrected edition has not been issued. Until then, the book is forbidden to Catholics.

### ***Daylight Saving Time: Wednesdays in Lent: Special Days of Abstinence***

*With the arrival of Daylight Saving Time may one eat and drink until one o'clock in the morning of the day on which he is to receive Holy Communion? Are all Wednesdays in Lent days of abstinence? Are Ash Wednesday, Wednesday of Holy Week and Good Friday considered not only days of fast and abstinence but also days on which all over twenty-one years of age must abstain from milk, cheese, butter, eggs or any foodstuff made from these foods?*—N. J. R., PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

In the places where Daylight Saving Time is used, those who plan to receive Holy Communion may eat and drink until one o'clock in the morning. Reverence and a sense of generosity will ordinarily dictate that the fast begin at midnight.

All Wednesdays in Lent are days of fast and abstinence. The law of abstinence from flesh meat forbids us to eat meat or soup made from meat, but it does not forbid the use of eggs, milk-foods, or any condiments made from animal fats.

### ***Previous Marriage***

*Is it possible for a baptized Protestant, a divorcee, to become a Catholic and marry a Catholic? Would it be possible for such a person to marry a Catholic without becoming a Catholic?*—M. O'B., N. J.

Such general questions cannot be answered adequately in the columns of THE SIGN. If the divorced person's previous marriage was valid, clearly he cannot marry anyone while his first partner is still alive. The question of becoming a Catholic or not has no essential bearing on the solution.

### ***First Friday on Good Friday***

*When the first Friday of the month falls on Good Friday is one's novena of Fridays broken?*—A.M., HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

The promises of Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary were dependent on one receiving Holy Communion on nine consecutive first Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart. Hence when the first Friday of the month coincides with Good Friday, when one may not receive Holy Communion, the continuity of Fridays is broken and one must start the First Friday Communions over again.

### ***Pagan Writers and Our Lord***

*Will you please list the names of some pagan writers who were contemporaries of the Four Evangelists? Can you give a few quotations from their writings regarding the life of Our Lord?*—J. F. R., RYE, N. Y.

There are no pagan writers, contemporaries of Christ, who mention Him. There are four great pagan writers, however, who make mention of Christ during the first quarter of the second century. Suetonius declares that Claudius "expelled the Jews from Rome, who had become, under the influence of Christ, a per-

manent cause of disorder." (For Christ Suetonius used the word Chrestus—certainly a mistake for Christus). Speaking also of reform undertaken under Nero, Suetonius declares that "punishment was inflicted on Christians, a people given over to a new and evil superstition."

Tacitus, also a Roman historian, speaking of the Christians says: "Their name comes from Christ, whom Pontius Pilate executed during the reign of Tiberius. Put down for a time, this detestable superstition broke out again not only in Judea, where the evil began, but also in Rome where all that which is frightful and shameful in the world comes and finds a numerous clientele." This quotation is of particular value because it demonstrates that at so early a time the Roman historian declared that the Christians who suffered at Rome under Nero in the year 64 owed the origin of their religion to Christ, executed in Judea by the Procurator Pontius Pilate during the reign of Tiberius.

There is another reference in a letter which Pliny the Younger, Legate of Bithynia, wrote to Trajan the Emperor, asking instructions as to how he was to conduct himself in prosecuting the Christians. Some years later the Emperor Hadrian sent instructions to the Proconsul of Asia as to how he was to conduct himself with reference to Christians.

As you see, these pagan writers do not go into details regarding the various events in the life of Christ. They take them for granted as the origin of the beliefs of the Christians to whom they refer.

### Capital Punishment

*What proof is there for the statement that the Creator committed to the State the authority to take life? In my opinion, Our Lord's commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill!" could never agree with capital punishment.*—R. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The right of the public authority to take human life in the case of public malefactors is derived from common sense and the implied teaching of the New Testament. It is generally recognized as lawful for a private citizen to defend his life against an unjust aggressor, even to the point of killing him, if necessary. The State, therefore, has the same power in regard to public malefactors, in order to preserve the public good of the community. Such killing, after a fair trial has been given the accused, is not murder but justifiable homicide.

The New Testament assumes that the State has the power to inflict the death penalty on criminals. St. Paul speaks of the Prince, or the public authority, as "God's minister to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, fear, for he beareth not the sword (symbol of the death penalty) in vain. For he is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil (Rom. 13:4). See also John 19:10, 11; Acts 15:11.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent says: "This prohibition (Thou Shalt Not Kill) does not apply to the civil magistrate, to whom is entrusted the power of life and death, by the legal and judicious exercise of which he punishes the guilty and protects the innocent. The use of the civil sword, when wielded by the hand of justice, far from involving the crime of murder, is

an act of paramount obedience to this Commandment which prohibits murder. The end of the Commandment is the preservation and security of human life, and to the attainment of this end the punishments inflicted by the civil magistrate, who is the legitimate avenger of crime, naturally tend, giving security to life by repressing outrage and violence."

### Mystical Union

*Why do so few attain to the sublime state of perfect mystical union with God? Are not all souls who are in the state of grace and who co-operate faithfully with the ordinary graces and overcome themselves, called to receive the extraordinary mystical graces which are above the ordinary?*—J. E. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Spiritual perfection consists in charity or the love of God. "God is charity and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and God in him" (1 John 4:16). This is the perfection to which all men are called, especially Christians, by a strict obligation. The state of union with God by charity is attained by keeping God's commandments. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me" (John 14:21). This union is perfected in proportion to the increase of one's observance of the commandments. Spiritual perfection does not consist in the possession of the mystical graces. They are not necessary to growth in holiness. This is not to infer that they may not be desired, provided the desire be humble. We cannot merit these special graces, but we may prepare ourselves for them by the assiduous practice of the moral and theological virtues and by the cultivation of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

### St. Valentine and Valentines

*Who was St. Valentine and why are valentines sent on his feast day?*—M. N., LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

St. Valentine was Bishop of Interamna (the modern Terni) and was martyred in the second half of the third century. The popular customs connected with St. Valentine's Day undoubtedly had their origin in a conventional belief, generally received in England and France during the Middle Ages, that on the fourteenth of February, i.e. half way through the second month of the year, the birds began to pair. Thus in Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowles" we read,

"For this was on Seynt Valentyne's day

Whan every foul cometh there to choose his mate."

For this reason the day was looked upon as specially consecrated to lovers and as a proper occasion for writing love letters and sending lovers' tokens.

### The Pope and the Damned

*I read somewhere that when Michelangelo painted "The Last Judgment" he delineated the features of a Cardinal, whom he disliked, on a suffering soul in Hell. When the painting was unveiled, the Cardinal implored the Pope to command the artist to erase his countenance from the damned spirit. His Holiness replied: "If Michelangelo had placed you in Purgatory, I could have had you removed. I have no power over Hell.*

*There you will have to remain." Can you tell me if this is true, and if the Pope actually made such a remark?—M. F., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.*

We cannot inform you whether this alleged remark is authentic, but we acknowledge its possibility. Many Popes had the gift of humor. And perhaps the Cardinal was not a particular friend of the Pope. The Pope, of course, has no power over Hell. Strictly speaking, he has no jurisdiction over the souls in Purgatory, for his jurisdiction is limited to the faithful on earth. But when the Pope grants indulgences in favor of the souls in Purgatory, he applies them by way of suffrage; that is, he grants them with the confident hope that Christ, Whose Vicar he is, will accept them in the name of the Church and apply them to the souls in Purgatory.

### **Premarital Conditions**

*Would a mixed marriage be valid in the Catholic Church if before the marriage the parties agree that should either party at any time meet another whom he cares for more than the one he is about to marry or should they find it impossible to live peacefully together they would be free to divorce and remarry?*

*Would it invalidate the marriage if the non-Catholic party had in mind that there would be no children regardless of promises made and signed before a priest?—N. N.*

Any condition that concerns the future and is against the substance of marriage invalidates the marriage. (Canon 1092.) Certainly the first two conditions are against the substance of marriage and clearly invalidate the marriage.

Since any such condition must be an integral part of the contract and the consent attached to it and dependent on it, it would not seem that mental intention of the non-Catholic not to have children would invalidate the marriage.

### **The Offering of Holy Mass**

*Under what conditions can a priest offer Holy Mass for a Protestant?—P. M., NORTON, VERMONT.*

Father Noldin in his theology says that Mass can be offered for all, even sinners, infants, heretics and infidels. Hence there are no conditions necessary for a priest before he may and can offer Mass for Protestants.

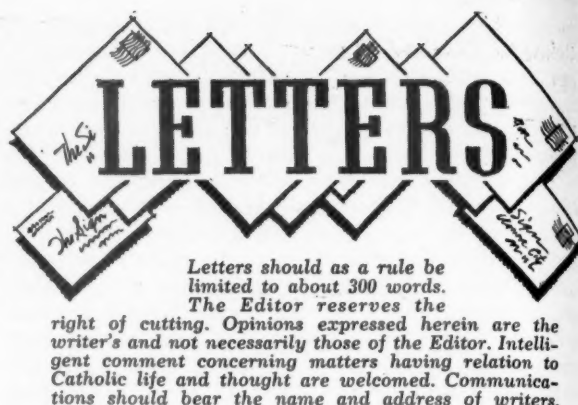
### **Mixed Marriages Again**

*May a Catholic and a non-Catholic be married in church? May the witnesses be non-Catholics? Must the couple sign promises that the children be raised Catholics? How soon should one go to see the priest before the marriage?—N. N.*

The Bishop of the diocese may for a special reason permit a mixed marriage to be performed in the church. The witnesses to the marriage must be Catholics unless the Bishop permits otherwise.

In all mixed marriages promises must be signed that all the children born of the marriage will be raised Catholics.

One should go to see the priest at least a month ahead of the wedding date—particularly in a mixed marriage, where a course of instruction is most advisable.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

### **REPORT FROM ROME**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We have lived through such historic weeks here in Rome that in retrospect it all seems like a dream. But it was a dream which touched the depths of sorrow and reached the zenith of sublime, supernatural joy. The pomp and pageantry of the burial of Pius XI, and of the election and coronation of Pius XII seemed to suggest in a special way the death of our Blessed Lord, and the triumphant glory of His Resurrection.

The day on which Pius XI died seemed to be invested with a symbolic mourning; it was gray and heavy. Add to this the endless tolling of the many hundreds of bells in Rome—throughout the day one heard them, from every direction, echoing across the Seven Hills, until they sounded like a rhythmic antiphon of requiem. I was fortunate enough to gain access to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament where the body reposed, behind the great grill. One of the Swiss Guards (who has a sister in Trenton, N. J.) admitted me among the very privileged few. I was able to spend a half-hour beside the bier. Then on the last day of the Novena of Requiems we were present. Fifty-eight Cardinals were in the procession, among them our own Cardinals Mundelein and Dougherty.

The day of the election was as glorious as the other day had been sad. We were in the Piazza when the white smoke appeared and when the Holy Father came out on the loggia for the first blessing. The scene was almost Pentecostal. It was just at sunset when the Holy Father appeared. After the Cardinal-Dean had published the proclamation and we were waiting for the Holy Father, a group of seminarians began to sing the "Christus Vincit." Thousands took it up, until it was like a booming sea of sound. The piazza was filled with the diapason of many voices: "Christus Vincit! Christus Regnat! Christus Imperat!" One felt the everlasting victory of Christ.

Quite suddenly the Pope appeared. As he gave his first blessing the setting was poignantly beautiful. The evening sky was like soft velvet; a few stars throbbed above the huge dome; the moon had just risen, and in its soft light St. Peter's looked like a jewel chiselled from ivory. And in the Piazza, that huge, surging sea of humans . . .

In contrast to all this there are daily threats of war. Each day the rumors become more alarming. Many of

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the French students at the University have returned to France. The English Consul has advised one of our English Passionists who is studying here to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. The American Consul is non-committal. However, we know that we are in God's hands, and His Will can be only a blessing for us.

ROME, ITALY.

FIDELIS RICE, C.P.

## IRISH REACTIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to thank you for publishing that illuminating article on Ireland by Emer Brennan. We hope you will follow with more information by such a well informed writer as Miss Brennan on present economic and political conditions of the country my people were forced to leave generations ago.

ATLANTA, GA.

MARY BEACOM.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May the writer express his deep appreciation of the splendid article in the March issue by Miss Emer Brennan entitled, "Ireland a Nation." It must have been highly enlightening to many people.

The famous Burton Holmes recently held a picture lecture on Ireland here in Philadelphia and it was most disappointing. The reason was clear—Mr. Holmes developed his information with a complete lack of sympathy and preparedness.

So much has happened in Ireland in the last twenty-five years that there is plenty of material for a real enthusiastic lecture.

Being engaged in sales work, it is easy to foresee a most glorious future for Ireland. The great number of friends it has throughout the world is a vast potential market for its products. Discipline, of course, must be practiced. The people have a real leader in Mr. De Valera. They are on their way, and God bless them say we all.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOHN M. KEENAN.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to protest against your publication of an article by Emer Brennan in your March issue in which he seeks to give the erroneous impression that Ireland a nation is free. It is purely a propagandist article, paid for out of the British Propaganda Fund, and having it published in your magazine is a signal victory over truth, since your predominantly Catholic reading public will be disposed to believe that the Irish people are satisfied nationally, that they are prosperous and living under their own flag.

Recent events in England are proving that the war between John Bull and Ireland has entered a new phase—the Irish are now adopting England's tactics by taking the war into England and striking at her where she'll feel it most. Ireland is anything but prosperous. Twenty thousand young men and women are forced to leave Ireland every year to seek their livelihood in a foreign land since the exploitation of their country by England, slavishly acquiesced in by De Valera's Free State Government, deprives them of the chance to earn their bread in their own land. I be-

lieve that you are the unwitting agent of this unscrupulous British propaganda.

I do not think you would publish Mr. Brennan's tissue of falsehoods if you doubted its veracity, but you certainly do not wish your readers to acquire the feeling that the articles you publish are liable to be untruthful or intended to deceive. And if the other contents of THE SIGN are comparable in truth with the statements made in "Ireland a Nation," it speaks very poorly for the honesty of your magazine.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

STEPHEN J. RYAN.

*Editor's Note:* As indicated in "Personal Mention"—March issue, page 452, where her picture appeared—the author of the article, "Ireland a Nation," is Miss Emer Brennan. Imagination would have to go far to make us believe that the daughter of the Irish Minister is a British-paid propagandist! Ireland has advanced, even though the Irish people are very conscious of further progress to be made.

## DR. THORNING'S ARTICLES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your magazine is enjoyably instructive. The strides it has made in the last few years are amazing. Keep up the good work.

An author I admire very much is Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, whom I consider one of our leading reporters. His work is on a par with that of the foremost members of the secular press, and in many instances he comes out ahead of them. A writer of his caliber is a worthwhile asset to any periodical. In his recent article on affairs at Washington, Dr. Thorning shows that he is as well versed in the national scene as he is in the international. His numerous articles on General Franco and the Spanish situation are examples of honest reporting, and his popularity is attested by his simultaneous appearance in several publications during recent months.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JOSEPH KILGALLAN.

## FINE REPORTING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I congratulate you on the very wonderful paper which reaches me each month. Everything in THE SIGN is good but I am particularly interested in the articles by various correspondents touching upon both European and American affairs.

The article "Inside Washington" by Dr. Thorning was one of the best examples of good reporting that it has been my privilege to read in any magazine in recent times. The news was interesting, was adequate, and although very fair, there was no sign of pussy-footing when it came to facts.

It was my privilege to hear Dr. Thorning at a dinner given in New York some months ago by the Foreign Policy Association. His talk on that occasion was in my estimation one of the grandest exhibitions of courage, courtesy and ability under the nastiest barrage that probably any speaker has ever faced at a so-called gentlemanly affair.

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

A. C.

## A UNION MAN'S ACTIVITIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was interested in your recent articles by H. A. Frommelt on Catholic direction and leadership in trade unions. However, I find in most articles and lectures—read and heard—that none seem to stress sufficiently for hopeful or prospective leaders the need of being truly and sincerely union-minded. Such a one must show a real interest, by long and regular attendance at meetings, always espousing the side of justice in controversial topics that crop up in all organizations—trade unions being no exception.

Much good can be done by individuals who are not leaders. The writer of this is not one—just a respected member of my union—always trying to be on the side of right, willing to take my share of work on committees, always watchful that no subversive trend or crooked dealing has easy sailing in my union. I believe the average union man is out only for protection and the improvement of conditions in his particular line of endeavor. He can easily be swayed to the right even by the simple language of a plain man.

As far as possible all outside topics such as politics, religion, etc., should be kept out of all unions. Of course, if it is evident that a subversive clique is trying to get control to further the interests of their own or their political party—then it would be wise for those opposed to organize themselves to be better able to resist such. This writer has for over twenty years worked wholeheartedly and harmoniously with a cultured and enthusiastic Communist—one who has never seemed to use his influence in the union for any but the good of the union.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. T. V.

## OPPOSITE VIEWS ON MONEY ARTICLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

After carefully re-reading "Money: Master or Servant?" by Father John F. Cronin, S.S. in the April issue, and because I feel the author may be sincere but knows not whereof he writes, I will not disparage his contribution further than to say I believe it is an attempt to defend the indefensible. Any system fundamentally honest and based on the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Steal" requires no defense.

It is self-evident that where there is smoke there must be fire, and the rising chorus of protest from many responsible sources cannot be disregarded or considered lightly. In fact, that is exactly why you published the article, and I am sorry you loaned your paper to further confuse the issue in Catholic minds.

Hereafter I suggest you publish in the same issue with such an article as the above the opposing arguments from authoritative sources, such as Robert Hemphill, Gertrude Coogan, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, the Fitzgeralds, Lawrence Lucey, Christopher Hollis and many others whose works are within reach of my hand. We can leave Father Coughlin out of this (although I don't know why we should) and still build a sizeable argument.

Your readers may be interested in knowing they can secure a very fine book on Money by the Honorable Robert L. Owen, father of the original plan of the

Federal Reserve System, by writing their representative in Congress or Senate for Senate Document No. 23, Seventy-sixth Congress, first session. Honorable Wright Patman says of this book, "I would like to see it made a textbook in our public schools."

PITTSBURGH, PA.

H. H. S.

*Editor's Note:* We are quite willing to publish opinions contrary to those expressed by our contributors. We do not believe Fr. Cronin's article "further confused the issue" of the money problem. Neutrality, money, labor, foreign and domestic trends are all open to many opinions.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I convey my humble thanks to you for Fr. Cronin's article "Money: Master or Servant?" published in your April issue? With so much being written and spoken on the question of money and our banking system, expressive of totally divergent views, the scholarly and informative treatment of the subject by Father Cronin gives one a grasp of the fundamental difficulties of our capitalist system which Pius XI explored in his encyclical. We need sanity in the discussion of the money subject and not a wholesale disregard of what Capitalism has done for the general welfare of the country in years gone by. I hope we get more of Father Cronin in your valued pages.

In passing, I must extend my congratulations to you for the entire April issue.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BASYL BLAKE.

## CATHOLIC ACTION AND THE PRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The average layman and even officers of Catholic societies have been "hazy" in their definitions of Catholic Action. It is to be hoped that each Catholic society will obtain a copy or copies of *A Guide to Catholic Action*, and that each society will organize a committee on Catholic Action. Each committee could appoint members to a general committee for publicity in each city or deanery, to contact the secular press and correct the secular press' ignorance of the functioning of Catholic Action here and abroad.

Our Catholic press makes us the best informed people on earth. We learn there are two sides to a question. Let us be generous to our non-Catholic friends—many people of good will—and use the secular press as the "leftists" do. Too, we might learn from the Jews how they manage to get so much favorable newspaper space in proportion to their population.

CANTON, OHIO.

EDWARD J. KURETH.

## JOCISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Recently I was looking over some back copies of THE SIGN and found that I was missing the one I most desired—the issue of March, 1937, featuring the beautiful article on Jocism. Since that time four sections here in New Hampshire have been founded, all doing active and splendid work, thanks to your article and the enthusiasm and courage of the clergy. Here at St. Augustine's we publish a monthly paper.

Why is it that so many people are ridiculing Jocism as not an ideal youth movement in the United States? It seems to me that Jocism has proved itself useful and forceful enough to give it a chance here in our troubled United States. Across our border in Canada never has there been such enthusiasm for religion and social order as there has been since the establishment of Jocism. They can count on 4,000 solid leaders in 120 cities. Their membership is well over the 50,000 mark. On July 22-23 there will be a meeting of 35,000 workers. They hope their ideals of Jocism will spread to other countries.

If any information is needed as to the growth of Jocism in our country and elsewhere, simply address all inquiries to *Le Jociste*, 383 Beech St., Manchester, N. H.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

ALBERT CHICOINE.

## MODELS FOR MODERN WOMEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your February issue Katherine Burton, challenging the views of Marie Duff in regard to modern women, stated that since the emancipation of women they have made exceptional progress in the realm of welfare work.

Has the modern woman never heard of Saint Clare, Saint Catherine of Sienna or Saint Elizabeth of Hungary?

Our women are doing noble work trying to cope with the evils arising out of our modern civilization. But some of the greatest thinkers of our day are questioning the meaning of progress and are pointing to the Guild System of Catholic Europe as superior to any devised by a later generation. So too some are realizing that men and women under the influence of a purely Catholic culture have ample opportunity to develop or, even as Saint Teresa, become leaders. The saints modelled their lives on that of their Master and realized the fulfillment of His promise, "The truth shall make you free."

HAMILTON, ONT.

"CANADIAN."

## FREE LENDING LIBRARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter of Mrs. Robert L. Walsh, Washington, D. C., about their Reading Room and Library, in your February issue, prompts this letter to acquaint your readers with the pioneer effort in this direction of the Rev. Matthew A. Delaney, Pastor of St. Veronica's Church on Christopher Street in Manhattan.

Some time ago one of his curates organized a library on school premises for the use of parishioners, but Father Delaney decided to take it outside church property to make it more accessible to parishioners, residents and passersby—Catholic and non-Catholic. He rented a store at 563 Hudson Street for the library which is sandwiched in between a Chinese laundry and a plumbing shop. Greenwich Village which has seen many strange sights in its day may now marvel at a Catholic circulating library set up on one of its busy thoroughfares.

There are absolutely no fees and very little red tape.

The only requirement is the filling out of an application card and the furnishing of a reference. The library is open each weekday from 12 noon to 9:30 P. M. Young men and women and older members of the parish act as volunteer librarians and serve two-hour periods. So far as we know, this is the only free Catholic lending library in the New York Diocese available to the general public. When mention is made of the importance of forming Catholic circulating libraries we agree wholeheartedly and want the world to know what a small, and far from rich, parish on the lower west side of Manhattan can do in this phase of Catholic Action.

While the library is fairly well stocked with books, if any of the readers of THE SIGN have any good literature around their homes which they would care to donate to St. Veronica's Library, their generosity would be very much appreciated. Such books could be sent to St. Veronica's Rectory, 657 Washington Street, New York City.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. P. KELLIHER.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.M.F., Winthrop, Mass.; M.J.R.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.F.McM., Verdun, R.I.; J.K.E., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.C., Duluth, Minn.; M.A.W.McC., Atlanta, Ga.; F.A.W., West Philadelphia, Pa.; J.A.B., St. Louis, Mo.; A.B., Glen Lyon, Pa.; R.A.D., Stoneham, Mass.; M.C.L., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.J.A., Brighton, Mass.; M.C.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; H.O'B., Homestead, Pa.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

A.A.A., Long Island City, N.Y.; M.B., Buffalo, N.Y.; M.R.W., Newark, N.J.; H.A.D., Princeton, N.J.; M.C. Q., Haddonfield, N.J.; C.W., Killimagh, Ireland; A.A.W., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; A.A.S., Corning, N.Y.; L.A.B., New York, N.Y.; A.F., Brightwater, L.I.; B.D., New Haven, Conn.; C.V., Minooka, Pa.; P. L., New York, N.Y.; J.N., Green Bay, Wis.; St. Anthony, J.H.J., Milwaukee, Wis.; Poor Souls, M.G.D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Joseph, A.J.S., Corning, N.Y.; St. Joachim, K.McN., Salem, Mass.; St. Theresa, St. Joseph, Infant Jesus of Prague, M.J.R.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, R.G., New York, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; St. Anthony, G.E.McK., West Medford, Mass.; Blessed Virgin Mary, H.S., Corning, N.Y.; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, V.A.C., New York, N.Y.; St. Anthony, M.J.P., Cliffside Park, N.J.; Souls in Purgatory, M.I.W., Jersey City, N.J.; St. Rita, M.O'C., St. Joseph, Neb.; St. Gabriel, E.J.O'B., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, M.C.E.L., Watertown, Mass.; St. Philomena, St. Anthony, M.T.S., Riverside, R.I.; St. Anne, E.M., Alamo, Texas; Souls in Purgatory, M.G. F.C., Norfolk, Mass.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, M.T.F., St. Albans, L.I.; Souls in Purgatory, M.T.H., Utica, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, R.J.M., Narberth, Pa.; St. Joseph, M.H.A., Yonkers, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.R.P., Yonkers, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.S., L.I., N.Y.; St. Joseph, M.A.F., Richmond, Va.; St. Anthony, C.G.B., Wash., D.C.; Sacred Heart, M.C.M., Cleveland, O.; St. Joseph, H.O'B., Homestead, Pa.

# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## God Forbid!

• ANENT THE PUBLICITY given the recent papal election, Mary E. McLaughlin writes the following:

Newspapers gave us space and line;  
The radios were quite divine;

And rabbis slapped us on the back  
While haughty bishops swelled the pack

Of praise for what at Rome was done.  
Still Holy, Apostolic, One,

And Universal—no marks hid—  
She may yet be popular—  
God forbid!

## Anzibella

• IN "MY FATHER AND MOTHER WERE IRISH" Margaret O'Donovan-Rossa tells an amusing incident of her Aunt Isabella, who had the misfortune of having a glass eye:

What a disciplinarian our fond aunt was, and what a housekeeper! Mamma was terrified of her searching eye, and before every visit there would ensue an orgy of housecleaning in our peaceful home. Aunt Isa's two pet aversions in the children were soiled hands and soiled handkerchiefs.

One busy school-day morning Eileen was filled with woe. It seemed as if nothing could go right this hectic day. Not only had she overslept and had to gulp her breakfast, but nowhere in her bureau drawer could she find the clean handkerchief which Aunt Isabella insisted each child should take to school. Would she dare to go without one? Cautiously she tiptoed to the door of Aunt Isa's room, hoping to find her asleep and so escape the morning inquisition. And not only was "Anzibella" sleeping peacefully but, better still, there on the bedside table was a lovely clean white handkerchief, folded carefully into a little square. Stealthily, Eileen snatched the precious find and thrust it deep into her pocket as she scampered off to school.

And then at ten o'clock more trouble came, for Eileen O'Donovan-Rossa was summoned to the office of Miss Ellis, the Principal of the school. Was there no end to the worries of the day? As she walked along the hall she racked her brain to think what sin had found her out, for well she knew this summons boded ill. As she reached the door her heart stood still, for there was Maxwell, talking gravely to the one in charge: "Sit down, Eileen," said Miss Ellis sternly. "Your brother has something to ask you." Eileen sat, for indeed her knees would hardly hold her.

"Eileen," said Maxwell anxiously, "have you a clean

handkerchief?" "Oh yes, indeed, Maxwell," answered Eileen righteously, reaching into her pocket to prove her virtue. But Maxwell's hand was quicker than her own and out he drew the little folded kerchief. Carefully he laid it on the desk and opened up the corners. And Eileen screamed in terror, for there, glaring glassily at her in cold, accusing rage, was Anzibella's eye!

## Old But Good

• THE "AMERICAN LEGION" relates the following story of a group recalling the first jokes they ever heard:

One old timer claimed that the one which caused him to kick the sides out of his cradle was about the hill country girl who had married a lazy, trifling sort whose only known work had been around a moonshine still. But she thought he was a grand fellow; he was her man and she loved him, and was always anxious to find plausible excuses for his shortcomings.

One day when she was out at the chopping block splitting wood a neighbor stopped to inquire why it was she who was working while her husband was on the porch picking a banjo.

"Well, you see," she said, "this axe handle don't fit Jim's hands."

## Listening In

• MODERN IMPROVEMENTS are not all put to the best use. One that is not is described by Meyer Berger in "Scribner's":

Military engineers and bloodthirsty romanticists dream of the coming of a death-ray machine to destroy whole armies. The forces engaged in the war against privacy are a step ahead of these dreamers in that they have arrived at something that approximates the invisible lethal ray—the gadgets of the wire tapper and refinements of these gadgets, now available for commercial and social use, and misuse. These provide the tapper with the fabled cloak of invisibility. With their aid he enters the home as the unseen guest, becomes a specter at your side when you comment on new cars at the automobile show, or records your talk when you stop to discuss a window display. In one of New York's greater hotels he listens in on your lobby chit-chat, if he thinks you look at all suspicious. All this is accomplished with very sensitive concealed microphones.

The Speak-O-Phone Corporation and the Dictaphone Corporation sell these listening devices in the open market, but do not advertise them too freely. Prices range from \$50 for small portable outfits to \$1250 for so-called de luxe models. Private detectives use them

chiefly in obtaining divorce evidence and in labor spying. . . .

The inevitable result was application of the device to modern parlor entertainment. A salesman for the Speak-O-Phone Corporation tells how some up-to-date hostesses delight in hiding the microphone in cloak rooms or powder rooms where the guests' gossip is apt to be most lively and uninhibited. After the sixth or seventh round of cocktails, a playback of the phonograph record of these conversational fragments mocks the ones who uttered them. Apparently all this is done in the spirit of ghastly clean fun.

### Russian Exodus

• SOME FACTS that it is well to recall are given by *Dominic Major* in an excellent article appearing in "Columbia":

There has been, for example, a vast and unpublicized exodus of Jews from Russia. Why it has remained unpublicized when the tragedy in Germany has had such headlines, I do not know, but apparently the Stalin Government has been ridding itself of its poorer Jews just as fast as its pressure can prod them to motion. My policemen told me that the majority of Palestine's illegal entrants were Russian Jews, a fact which does not suggest that Bolshevik Russia is exactly a Jewish paradise.

### Disillusioned

• THE PATHS OF GLORY lead at times to disillusioning revelations. An example is given in the "Catholic Fireside":

Mr. Sinclair Lewis has been telling a story against himself.

On a voyage to England he one day saw an elderly lady reading a novel which he recognized as one of his own. "Here is fame!" he remarked rather exultantly to a companion. "Here am I, Sinclair Lewis, and there is an unknown but obviously cultured woman absorbed in one of my books."

Scarcely had he spoken when the reader closed the book with an angry snap and threw it overboard.

### Map-Maker Lloyd George

• RAYMOND JOHNES in the "Weekly Review" gives some good advice to a map-maker who would continue the havoc he helped create in Europe:

Mr. Lloyd George is an expert in cartography. He helped to make us a map in 1919 which twenty years have not yet effaced. Roll it up; tears have failed, as yet, to wash it out. It still shows red from Narva to Vladivostok, from the Arctic Ocean to Tashkent. It is a dark, ugly red—a stain that is practically indelible, as good housewives know; a stain that only a merciful, omniscient God can efface from the world of man. Further west, the jerry-built frontiers shift and shudder and collapse. Sleep is uneasy in the houses of Europe today. We must suppose that it is easier among the pine woods

of Churt; or Mr. Lloyd George would not go on talking. Does he never remember what happened in a certain cellar at Ekaterinburg and the things that were done in a hundred towns in Russia? For we cannot believe that he altogether approves what was done in the sacred names of the People in Russia and in Spain, or of the reaction provoked in other countries.

You broke faith with the generation that died, Mr. Lloyd George, and you will not be forgiven in this world. Roll up your maps; they will not be wanted. Grow your vegetables in retirement and silence and be an honest farmer. It is a good thing to be; and it is the only good thing you can do, now.

### Souvenir Hunters

• DESTRUCTION of the Sixth Avenue Elevated in New York has proven a boon to souvenir hunters according to the "New York Times' Magazine":

The Sixth Avenue Elevated is rapidly passing away, but its memory will linger on at the Museum of the City of New York and in the collections of Mayor La Guardia and scores of men and women who like to keep bits of old railroads, ferryboats, skyscrapers, anything out of the city's past, around the house.

Tom Harris, head of the firm removing the structure, says that collectors follow his workmen around, anxious to let no memento escape them. They have been keen to get the pot-bellied stoves that warmed the ticket agents; the cast-iron lion heads that decorated some of the stations; the balancing scales used to weigh coins in the days when gold coins circulated; the old-time ticket-choppers; early editions of the Interborough System Map, and signs, all sorts of signs.

The old-fashioned pot-bellied stoves, used in the stations since the first steam train went puffing over the line back in the Eighteen Seventies, are best sellers among the collectors. Everybody seems to have a yearning to own a pot-bellied stove, and almost everybody wants to tell Mr. Harris why he wants one from the elevated. One man wrote that the stove would remind him of winter nights when he was homeless and forced to huddle close to the fire in a station. Another man, writing from a midtown office building, said he wanted a stove to keep his barn warm.

### Oscar Wilde

• THE STORY of Oscar Wilde's conversion has never been more interestingly related than it is in *Abbot Blair's "In Victorian Days."* The Abbot was an intimate friend of Oscar Wilde during their Oxford days, and in his essay "Oscar Wilde As I Knew Him" he relates the following facts:

I entered on my Benedictine life on St. Andrew's Day, 1878; and exactly twenty-two years later I received with sorrow—yet with real thankfulness that the tragedy of his life was ended—the news of Oscar Wilde's death in Paris on November 30th, 1900. Two days later I received a letter from our old friend, W. Ward, "Bouncer," of whom I had lost sight for years. "Pray tell me if you can," he wrote, "whether poor Oscar was

received into the Catholic Church before his death. The papers say so, but you will perhaps know for certain whether it is true. I sincerely hope so; and I only wish that he had taken that last step years ago; it might have saved him from much."

Touched by this letter—for I knew that Ward had no personal sympathies with Catholicism—I immediately wrote to Father Osmond Cooke, Superior of the English Passionists in Paris, and received from him the consoling news that one of his community, Father Cuthbert Dunne, had attended Wilde on his death, had received him into the Church at his own urgent wish, and administered to him all the last rites, whilst fully conscious, though unable to speak, and exhibiting every sign of genuine penitence. . .

"My moral obliquity," Wilde said to a friend who visited him in his last illness, "was largely due to the fact that my father would never allow me to become a Catholic." I have quoted on an earlier page what he himself told me years before as to his father's unrelenting attitude in this respect. One can only be thankful that, at long last, what one may call his lifelong wish at length found its fulfillment; and that thus, truly penitent, and fortified with all the spiritual help, he passed into the presence of an all-merciful God. The Church of St. Germain des Pres was the scene of his funeral service, after which he received Christian burial in the cemetery of Bagneux.

### The Desire of Money

• *LATIN INDIFFERENCE TO MONEY is humorously illustrated by the following story taken from "Talking at Random" in "The Tablet":*

One of the great myths which flourish in the Anglo-Saxon countries is that the Latin races are particularly keen on money. Even Mr. Belloc in *The Path to Rome*, I remember, gives currency to this impression, but then I think he was talking about the French or North Italian. Of the Romans as of the Neapolitans, it is quite untrue that they are particularly impressed by or keen about money. They like to manage with very little, and take life very easily. You are often reminded of the admirable story of the Andalusian. An English traveller, arriving at Seville, offered him five pesetas to carry a bag. After going a short distance, the Andalusian put down the bag and said it was not worth carrying for five pesetas. The Englishman offered him ten, and the journey was resumed. After a while the Andalusian again put down the bag and began fumbling in his pocket and produced twenty pesetas, and said he really could not carry the bag any further, and would the Englishman accept the twenty pesetas and carry the bag himself.

### Baby Troubles

• *THE DIFFICULTIES of being a baby are portrayed by Henry Anton Steig in the "American Magazine." Perhaps adults will take the warning:*

The child with many relatives has to keep his eyes open when they're around, for it is then that he is most

in danger of being exploited as an object for promoting self-esteem. Babies are said to be unerring judges of character, and if one caresses an adult it is taken to mean that the adult is a good person. All the adult has to do to demonstrate that he's a nice guy is swoop down on a baby, without warning, to make sure it won't get away, and hold on until it comes across with some gesture of affection.

Of course, the baby is startled by the tackler, just as the tackler would be startled if he suddenly noticed a steam engine bearing down upon him, and it will do anything to regain its freedom. But if it kicks and screams instead of yielding, it is said to be shy. Sometimes a baby becomes aware of its peril in time, and the diver misses. Then, for the giveaway, watch the diver's face. The subtly smiling expression of restrained annoyance registered by an adult who has failed to snare his prey is about as unholy a one as I have ever seen becloud a human countenance.

### Rheims Cathedral

• *IN "ARCHITECTURAL FORUM" Pierre Lamure writes enthusiastically the following of the glory of Rheims and of the faith and genius of those who labored so long to build it:*

The collaboration of divine inspiration and national consciousness gave us Rheims. When in 1212, the Archbishop, Alberic de Humbert, unfolded before the architect his vision of what was to be the new cathedral the artist staggered. It couldn't be done! Two towers 260 feet tall! Three thousand statues! Those ambulatories, those flying buttresses, and that immense nave! . . . Where could the workers be found to build this dream of stone? Where the levers, the cords, and the pulleys? Where the artists, the glass-workers, the stone-cutters?

To all these questions, the archbishop answered simply: "God and man will aid us!"

And God and man built Rheims. Thirty years later, thirty short years, the first *Te Deum* was sung within the walls of the new cathedral. Thousands of unknown laborers and artists, now sleeping in the fields of Champagne, had created the masterpiece of Gothic architecture. And they were content with it. In their simple souls they knew it was pure and beautiful enough for God to live in it.

Years passed. Years of incredible courage and alarming nonchalance. Years of glorious fury and shameful capitulations. The people had placed on their collective head the crown torn from their king. They had become *le peuple roi*, the anonymous, capricious, inexperienced ruler of their destiny. Bewildered, overwhelmed by the dragon of Liberty that they had unleashed, they used and abused their power. Like a child playing with toys, they amused themselves with forms of government. They tried them all from the military dictatorship of Napoleon to the bolshevik interlude of *la Commune*.

But the cathedral remained, standing in the middle of France, serene, tolerant, rising above political experimentation. More and more with the years, it became identified with that part of France which does not change, which remains anonymous, which works, pays, endures and prays.

# BOOKS

## The Human Caravan

By JEAN DU PLESSIS

The mind yearns for unity. This is true in the field of history as well as in any other field of learning. Belloc yearned to see the unity of European civilization. *Europe and the Faith* was the result. Augustine yearned to see unity in the development of the human race. *Civitas Dei* was written. Bossuet felt the urge and *Histoire Universelle* came forth. So it goes on.

In our own day the old urge for unity is as strong as ever. Wells felt it and mankind was afflicted with the *Outline of History*. Van Loon had to have his *Story of Mankind*. Durant satisfied himself with his *Story of Civilization*. But unlike Augustine or Bossuet, these modern histories had no beginning, nor middle nor end. They told a story without meaning. And because the story has a meaning, they told a lie.

The present book, "my life's work and the fruit of my soul," attempts to present in a single readable volume the outline of history as seen in the true perspective. For his knowledge of perspective, the author relies on his faith as well as on actual observation of the great universal laws running through the factual order of the march of civilization. His history begins with Genesis; he properly evaluates the significance of man's Fall, shows a ready acquaintance with what is called man's prehistory, scans the development of the human race as God prepares it for the Incarnation. He sees the Incarnation as a new life injected into the stream of civilization, destined to transform it, unify it and bring it to its destined transcendent goal—the fullness of Christ. "The Gospel affirms that the Son of Man will come back, for the purpose of closing everything. The remainder is not within the domain of history."

The book is indeed worthy of the tradition established by Augustine and Bossuet.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.

## Buying Books

*We call the attention of our readers to a recent change in postal regulations in regard to the mailing of books. As formerly noted in these columns, any book noticed here or any other book you wish may be bought through THE SIGN. Instead of 10% of the cost of a book for postage, we ask our readers to add only 5¢ for postage for any book.*

*We take this opportunity to inform our readers that we shall greatly appreciate their patronage of the book companies which advertise in these columns. Such patronage is of distinct advantage to THE SIGN. We are very happy to fill your order for any books. Prompt attention will be given to such orders.*

## The Mantle of Mercy

By LEO WEISMANTEL

(Translated By Albert Paul Schimberg)

God must have a particular love for St. Vincent de Paul since He has given him Leo Weismantel and Albert Paul Schimberg as biographers. This reviewer hasn't read the original of this work and so he doesn't know whether it was Weismantel or Schimberg who communicated the flavor that exists in the English version. He knows only that the flavor is distinctive.

*The Mantle of Mercy* is a life of the founder of the Vincentians, but when you have finished reading it, you have the feeling that you have received a series of vivid impressions rather than that you have read a

book. The transparent simplicity with which the eventful life of this extraordinary figure is told is a mental tonic.

Everything that is of the essence of that life is here: the early years as a peasant boy, the experience as a galley-slave, the period as tutor to scions of wealth and aristocracy, and that as royal almoner, his assistance to the plague-ridden and the sin-ridden, the encounters with Richelieu and Mazarin, the death of Louis XIII in Vincent's arms—above all the founding of his order for men and that for women. Everything is here, perhaps somewhat sketchily, but brilliantly and unforgettably told.

It is an understanding, fast-moving account of St. Vincent de Paul that will haunt you for hours and days after you have finished the book. It is a definite departure from those turgid, labored lives with which the saints have been afflicted so long. May God give all of them at long last Weismantels and Schimbergs to reintroduce them to the world.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

## The Sudden Rose

By BLANCHE MARY KELLY

Dr. Kelly has written a great book. In these days of brute materialism, it is refreshing to read such a work from the pen of one who is conscious of other and higher values. Her book is an attempt to render understandable to ordinary folk that rather indefinite thing called Art. A knowledge and appreciation of true Art is a great cultural asset. False notions and lack of appreciation of it are harmful to man's rightful heritage.

Dr. Kelly's apology for writing this book is that she is neither philosopher nor artist. But in the pages that follow she reveals herself as both. As philosopher, she reduces all art to ultimate causes and demonstrates that the various forms of

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man's expression of the beautiful have a common root from which they spring and a common message they endeavor to portray. They are founded on truth and goodness, beauty being the property of both. As artist, Dr. Kelly reveals a remarkable talent to convey her thought on the subtle topic with telling force and clearness. She is truly an artist in the use of words.

This book is highly recommended to our readers. After its perusal one is bound to feel enriched in thought and ennobled in aspiration. One should look at life as it truly is, fallen but struggling for the better things and endeavoring to attain to an appreciation of the beauties of God's creation as reflected in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in glazing, in music, in poetry, in literature, in drama. These are our rightful heritage, and Dr. Kelly endeavors in *The Sudden Rose* to restore to the plain man an understanding and love of true art comprised in the production of the world's great masterpieces.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

## The Spanish Arena

By WILLIAM FOSS & CECIL GERAHTY

Long ago editorial comment in *THE SIGN* was directed to the fact that an unprecedented flood of propaganda was poisoning the wells of the history of the lately finished Spanish struggle. An antidote has been provided by William Foss and Cecil Gerahty in what is, to date, the outstanding volume on the subject. The authors have lived for

years in the country about which they write with such intimate and revealing knowledge.

Not content with treating of the recent conflict, they dig deeply into the conditions which precipitated it and present startling, documented facts. Before the reader reaches the story of the struggle itself he is thoroughly acquainted with conspiracies that ripened into disaster. Proof of French and Spanish Masonry's active assistance to Russian Communism is produced in the evidence acquired by General Mola, gained when he was Minister of Government.

The account of General Franco's background, character and achievements is of particular interest. It is stirring to read of the early days and weeks of the Nationalist Rising, where courage and resourcefulness swept away obstacles that appeared insurmountable.

Most valuable is the chapter on propaganda entitled, "The Fiction Factory." An example of the exposé of deliberate lying by the Loyalist side is a compilation of "Government" claims. Up until April 19, 1937, the Loyalists had reported the capture of 775,000 machine guns, territory *three times the total area* of Spain, and the destruction of 56,779 airplanes! Packed with facts, and written in a spirit of fairness, this volume deserves a place as a text-book on the Spanish conflict. It will be an outstanding and valuable addition to any library.

Gifford & Co., London. \$4.25.

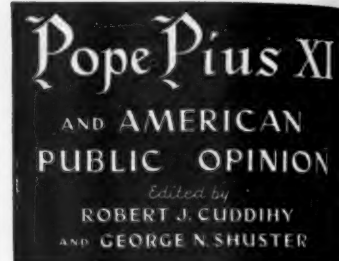
## Pope Pius XI and American Public Opinion

Edited by ROBERT J. CUDDIHY and GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Here is another tribute to the memory of the late Pope, chronicling the major events of his private and public life. It is a compilation of public expressions which appeared in magazines, newspapers, radio addresses, sermons, etc., on the occasion of his death on February 10 of this year.

Because of its form, this volume is slightly spasmodic in development. Quotation follows quotation, including statements by Catholic and Protestant leaders, as well as Jewish rabbis. The Holy Father is treated under various headings: as the Pope

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY  
Dept. 1963, 354 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

of Peace; the Pope of Religious Warfare; the Pope of Social Progress; the Pope of Moral Authority; the Pope as a man. All in all, the result is a fair eulogy of one of the world's great leaders.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.

## Great Catholics

Edited by CLAUDE WILLIAMSON, O.S.C.

Father Claude Williamson presents a biographical digest of thirty-seven Catholics, all of whom deserve to be called great, that is as interesting in its contents as it is cosmopolitan in scope. Both sexes and many walks of life are represented. One meets popes and cardinals, statesmen and theologians, poets and historians, religious foundresses and even an architect. Familiar sons of the Catholic family like Thomas More and Cardinal Newman, neglected members like Pugin and Lingard, are all reunited and given due recognition in this album of the Church's children.

Each character receives a brief but adequate biographical study rather than a hasty resumé. All the contributing authors are writers and students of distinction. This work possesses a double value, since each chapter or study offers a good sample of the respective author's style.

## THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR

BY MICHAEL DERRICK

Here is the first general survey in English of the New Portugal. Dr. Oliveira Salazar has carried out a tremendous and remarkable work in establishing the first successful Christian Corporate State. This straightforward account of Portugal under Salazar has been selected as the Catholic Book-of-the-Month for April. \$2.00

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Readers familiar with the literary output of Hollis, Sheen, D'Arcy or Martindale will recognize the truth of this observation.

Since we are addicted to digests of every description in this busy day and age, here is an opportunity for busy Catholics in all walks of life to partake of some golden kernels of hagiography that are delectable from every aspect. The reading time for each character study is about thirty-three minutes. But the reviewer hazards a guess that if an attempt is made to check on this statement, there will be grave danger of forgetting to keep an eye on the clock. "Take up and read."

*The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.*

### Pius XII, Pope of Peace

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

This biography of our new Holy Father, Pius XII, is a readable book. Mr. Dinneen is a newspaper reporter and writes with the style of a reporter. The book covers the life and interests of Eugenio Pacelli from his birth to his coronation as Pope of the Catholic Church.

Unfortunately, this book like so many other ecclesiastical books written by laymen is guilty of several inaccuracies. We were surprised to learn that the late Holy Father was accustomed to say two Masses a day. We were also surprised to learn that "annulment of a Catholic marriage had been permitted on these grounds: if either party refuses to have children; — if either party had committed an offense against Christian morality before the marriage (such as being previously divorced)." Any Catholic schoolboy could have told the author that these statements are not correct.

The duty of a reporter is to report things objectively—that is to write them as they happen, without any personal prejudices. An ordinary sense of ethics would prompt any fair reporter of events to give both sides of a controversy when both sides can be obtained without too much difficulty. In the present volume, the author goes to great pains to report a number of unkind and seemingly uncalled for statements that Father Coughlin made on the air and to the press. Not a word is said about the possible good that Father Coughlin has done and may

still be doing. That is hardly good reporting.

We feel that we cannot give this book our unqualified approval. If the author would correct the inaccuracies mentioned above and delete one-sided references to Father Coughlin—then we would be able to recommend the book to our readers. Until then, our approval is withheld.

*Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$2.50.*

### Mary Ward: An Historical Romance

By IDA GOERRES COUDENHOVE

In the histories of penal times of 16th and 17th century England so much emphasis has been placed upon the heroic men, priests and laymen, who fought doggedly for the preservation of the Catholic Faith, that it may come as a surprise to many that women also played no small part in the struggle. The story of Mary Ward and her companions is a soul-stirring revelation of some of the zealous work done by heroines of the Faith.

The story of Mary Ward's life is intensely dramatic, and on the tragic side. Born of the nobility and connected by blood with most of the great Catholic families of Yorkshire, she became conscious at an early age of a call to a higher way of life. When only twenty-four she found herself surrounded by a group of devoted companions. From this time until her death in 1645 her life was a succession of valiant attempts to found religious houses in England, Germany, Austria and Italy. Mary Ward fought against heavy odds. She endeavored to found a congregation of women for the active life, an unprecedented venture until her day, and she met with opposition from every quarter. In 1630, fifteen years before her death, her congregation was suppressed. Apparently she had failed.

Ida Goerres Coudenhove, in the manner of an historical romance, relates vividly the story of Mary Ward. The book reads as a first-class novel, and is extremely gripping and interesting. Unfortunately it ends on a tragic note, as if Mary Ward had completely failed. Either in the blurb or as a postscript the reader should be apprised of the fact that in 1703 the Institute of Mary was re-



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*Translated by J. Manuel Espinosa*

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constituted. Today it numbers some 228 houses throughout the world, with a total number of some 7000 religious. Thus the saintly foundress has been successful in defeat.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$1.60.

## Wickford Point

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

This is almost an indecent exposure of a certain type of New England family that we suppose is rapidly becoming extinct. It is the story of the Brills, who at rare intervals are brilliant. The author of *The Late George Apley* is still primarily a satirist, and we might say that the Brills do not seem to us to be the most difficult people in the world to satirize.

They are the kind of people you meet in John Galsworthy and Aldous Huxley, people filled with ennui and subsisting on cocktails, people with souls of sawdust, people who make you grateful that you were not born into their set.

It is pointless to go into the story because even John Marquand cannot make these characters do anything of substantial importance. His characters are important, however, for they have had an undeserved but wide influence on our artificial American culture.

You will wonder if such a woman as Clothilde Brill Wright or such a man as Allan Southby ever existed, but after all it is the novelist's privilege to graft and to distort, and his grafting and caricature have their purpose. They do produce interesting studies in human nature. And that is the principal thing that can be said in praise of John P. Marquand's marionettes.

Little, Brown and Co., Boston. \$2.75.

## Born of Woman

By RAYMONDE VINCENT

This is the work of a young woman who grew up in the French peasantry of Berry, who received little education beyond the Catechism and who did not learn to read or write until she went to Paris in her late teens. It is a simple story, reminiscent of the poetry and nostalgia in Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*.

The chief character, Marie, was fifteen when she set out on her first real journey—from her village of Fouilleraut to the estate at Les Chaumes—an innocent, wondering child who knew nothing of life and people. Until now she had always lived with her grandmother, a solitary, brooding figure, but at Les Chaumes she was suddenly plunged into the shock of life with an uncle, aunt and numerous cousins. Here Uncle Aimable was master of the farm owned by the Count at the chateau. Here Robert and Laurent tilled the soil and reaped the harvest. Here everyone worked on the land. And here Marie grew into maturity, knowing the beauty of the quiet countryside, the joy of being needed by others, the peace and well-being of the young and unsophisticated dreamer.

*Born of Woman* is a first novel. It grew out of scraps, reminiscences, letters, diaries, written by the author when she and her husband were forced to leave France and live in Germany.

"To read the book in the heart of a city," one critic has said, "is to experience the feeling of having lost a paradise."

Since its first appearance, in 1937, it has won its young author a pre-eminent place in French letters, as well as the coveted Prix Fémina. The translation from the French is by George Libaire.

William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.50.

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## Anthony Eden: a Biography

By ALAN CAMPBELL JOHNSON

The name of Anthony Eden bulks large in any consideration of post-war English politics. From comparative obscurity, he won his way by rapid progression to the place of first rank as an English diplomatist. He has been respected and hated, according to the political set-up, in all the great capitals of Europe. Having won his place in the English political sun, it came as a major shock to the diplomatic world, when on February 20, 1938 Eden quietly resigned as British Foreign Secretary, four hours after Hitler had publicly insulted him in the Fuehrer's historic speech of that date. The tangled complications leading up to Eden's downfall are very competently set forth by his latest biographer, Alan Campbell Johnson.

Mr. Johnson has succeeded in putting forth a very timely biography of "England's enigma," as Eden has been called. The author is patently an apologist for the world-famous Englishman, and pleads his case with whole-hearted earnestness. His presage of the inevitable reinstatement of Eden does not seem so shadowy as one watches the apparent helplessness of the Chamberlain régime in checking the flood-tide of Hitler's *Drang nach Osten*, and the portentous aspects of the European situation unfold day by day. Eden is deeply hated by Berlin and Rome and is *de trop* with the Chamberlain group. The possible political repercussions which would follow upon his rehabilitation in the English Cabinet form a very interesting

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poser for those who are trying to figure out the European nightmare.

Mr. Johnson's book is a very creditable addition to one aspect of the freakish state of the world of Europe since 1914, and deserves the attention of the thinking public.

1938 Washburn, Inc., New York. \$3.00.

## One Only Christ

By ABBE C. GRIMAUD

The Mystical Body of Christ explained in such a way as to show the Catholic layman his part in this sublime mystery is the subject matter of this book. The section of "Contents" catching the eye commands admiration for the division of thought on the Mystical Body. And in not a few spots the author has so well illustrated the ideas he wants to explain that the layman will be rewarded with many new ideas. Yet, in places, after high expectations have been raised by the introduction of the topic, the treatment is far from satisfying; the theologian reading the same passages will wonder why the author did not use this and that theological explanation where the emptiness obtains.

Not even with hesitation does it seem that this work is to be recommended to the Catholic laity in general for their spiritual reading, when there are so many more helpful books on the market. Sisters, seminarians and some of the clergy will appreciate this book more than the laity in general.

Bansiger Bros., New York. \$2.50.

## Reaching for the Stars

By NORA WALN

Miss Nora Waln is already well known for her charming and authentic story of life in China, *The House of Exile*. This new book is about Hitler's Germany, and, because of the more widespread interest in the subject, it will probably bring her even greater fame. Her own words give the best account of her intention and, indeed, of its fulfillment: "I am now engaged in writing of life as I found it in my four years among Germans in the Rhineland, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and at Dresden, with no bitterness and no malice, but a sincere attempt at interpretation."

Here we find the old Germany,

with its traditional kindliness, its love of order and beauty, its Christianity—and we find what threatens to be the new Germany, idolatrous and fierce. The book might, perhaps, have been called "Germany in Transition," except that Miss Waln is not convinced that the new fashion will endure: God grant that her optimism be justified.

Catholics will be interested in her sympathetic impressions of the Church, with which she had been, apparently, unacquainted. The Holy Mass is, for her, a new experience, and a beautiful one. Only once does Miss Waln seem to criticize the Church; but even here her lack of bias is obvious. Perhaps it is her Quaker background which gives her writing a tone which can best be described as "quiet"; it is this dispassionateness which increases the value of her testimony; but it is also fair to say that a somewhat more lively style would make the book more readable.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.00.

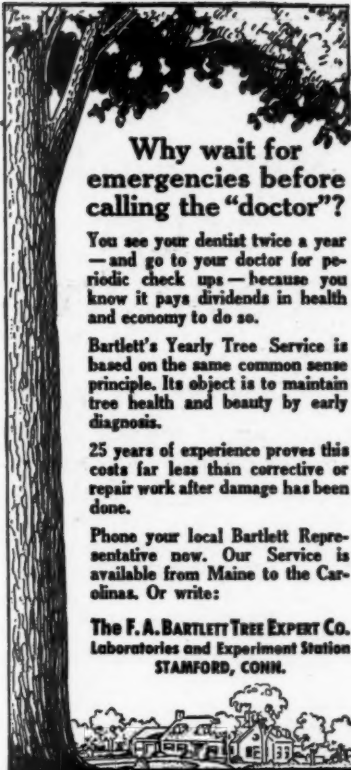
## The Social Work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd

By SISTER MARY OF ST. TERESITA, R.G.S.

The writer was induced to read *The Social Work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd* by a set of circumstances which need not be recounted here. Candidly, the task was undertaken as a chore. Scarcely had the foreword by Bishop Schrembs and the first few paragraphs of the first chapter been read, however, when your reviewer's attitude changed drastically.

Perhaps it was the author's logical presentation that appealed. Perhaps it was the realization that what she was unfolding was the fact that what the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have been applying to their work for more than one hundred years is nothing but the same sociological principles which our graduates in sociology apply today in their field work. Think of it! What is generally considered ultra-modern has been in practice among the Good Shepherds since the time of the Revolutionary War.

Sister Teresita divides her small book (235 pages) into four parts. The first covers the history of the Order of the Good Shepherd from its founding to its rapid, integrated



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growth and expansion to all continents. In Part Two, she recites the work of the Order—social work. In this section is told how lost souls are reclaimed for Christ and the wreckage of life restored to a useful place in society.

The real distinction between the mode of operation of the Good Shepherds and the systems of secular sociological organizations is clearly enunciated in Part Three of the book. Part Four is devoted to biographical material concerning the Foundress of the Order and several prominent members.

Cadillac Press, Cleveland, Ohio. \$2.00.

## SHORTER NOTES

### ANGEL FOOD

By REVEREND GERALD T. BRENNAN

Father Brennan has a solid conviction. He believes that the children's Mass on Sundays should be just that, a service for the youngsters, with the sermon couched in their own language and suited to their needs. *Angel Food* is the result of this conviction—a collection of

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thirty-one short sermons with Skippy, Snow White, Pop Eye, Charlie McCarthy, elephants, marbles, etc., to help him out.

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Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.50

### WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

By REV. BERNARD F. SCHUMACHER

is a translation from the French of the Rev. E. Delaye, S. J. In its present form it should prove one of the most popular handbooks on the subject. Its appeal lies in its simple, clear-cut presentation. The author's aim is not refutation but exposition by means of quotations drawn exclusively from acknowledged leaders of the movement.

After a brief outline of the underlying materialism and the famous dialectic of Hegel, follow chapters upon Society and Its Future, The New Economic World, The New Man, Communistic Mysticism and Anti-Fascist Tactics. The author quotes from the writings and speeches of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. Some rather horrifying reading.

The book is recommended to study clubs, as a handy reference, and to anyone sincerely anxious to know *What is Communism?*

It is hoped that the zealous interest of Father Schumacher in presenting this book in English will meet with a cordial welcome.

B. Herder Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00

### THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH IN CHINA

By BISHOP PAUL YU-PIN

It is but natural to look to leaders for an expression of beliefs and policies in time of crisis. Bishop Paul Yu-Pin of Nanking has done a distinct service to China and to the cause of truth in gathering the official message of Pope Pius XI to the Chinese people, the joint letter of the Chinese Bishops to the League of Nations, the addresses of His Eminence, Archbishop Zanin, the pastoral letter of the Bishop of Shanghai and his own into one volume.

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Zeal and patriotism, piety and the call to heroism sparkle in the ardent words which these leaders of the Church in China speak to their people and to the world. The author's own clear interpretations, scattered throughout the book, give the historic setting for these documents. An illuminating preface by Dom Pierre-Celestin, O.S.B.—formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in China—sketches the background and development of the present struggle.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

### MY FATHER AND MOTHER WERE IRISH

By MARGARET O'DONOVAN-ROSSA

Many of our older readers will remember at least the name of Jeremiah O'Donovan-Rossa who was for many years one of the most zealous laborers for the cause of Irish freedom, especially through his publication, *The United Irishman*. The present book, by his youngest daughter, tells us very little of these public activities, but is chiefly an account of the family life of this great and good man. It gives us a picture

of just such simple incidents as go to make up the beauty and the pathos of almost any family history; and though the sophisticated reader may smile at the repeated encomiums of the O'Donovan-Rossas and their friends, he will feel, too, that such devotion could have been inspired only by genuine worth, and elicited only by a sincere and loyal heart.

*Devlin-Adair Co., New York. \$1.50.*

#### EDUCATIONAL AND VOCATIONAL SUPERVISION FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

By BURTON CONFREY, PH.D.

The author of this work is to be heartily commended for his efforts in trying to impress on students the necessity of a true Catholic spirit in guiding the intellectual progress of their high school and college life. Although the text is addressed primarily to students, it is truly a valuable help for teachers in Catholic Schools and a veritable mine of information and guidance for Catholic teachers in non-sectarian schools.

Dr. Confrey is not concerned with extra-instructional problems; nor does he devote space to so-called occupation classes. His ambition is to show by various methods that there is a Catholic way of doing everything. The Catholic philosophy of guidance is very aptly stressed by showing that Catholic principles dominate true intellectual progress.

Practical questions at the end of each section help the student to review and analyze the importance of true Catholic Education. Charts dealing with different phases of one's life work are provided. An extensive bibliography is inviting of further study.

*Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H. \$2.00.*

#### BEYOND THE ALTAR RAIL

By T. H. MOORE, S.J.

In the present little volume Fr. Moore offers a splendid aid to the intelligent understanding of the Holy Mass. It is written especially for the laity. The lack of clear notions and the many false ideas about the Holy Sacrifice are appalling.

The first part of the book is given over to a clear exposition of the notion and meaning of sacrifice. By contrasting the sacrifice of the Old Law and the sacrifice of the New the author demonstrates the excellency of the latter.

The remainder of the book clearly and simply explains and expounds the Sacrifice of the Mass in such a way that whoever reads the book will have a more intelligent and a more devotional approach to the Holy Sacrifice.

*Beyond the Altar Rail* is heartily recommended to the readers of THE SIGN. Members of Study Clubs will find this a valuable addition to their library or reading lists.

*Fordham University Press, New York. \$1.25.*

#### LET DONS DELIGHT

By RONALD KNOX

*Let Dons Delight*, by Fr. Knox, will not have a popular appeal in this country. It is a unique, discursive account of English History seen from the viewpoint of contemporaneous English Dons.

Fr. Knox, while visiting at one of the Oxford Houses, dozes off and while sleeping has a series of dreams. Each dream is about a set of Oxford Dons living in different eras of time. The discussions of these Dons about the condition of affairs in their day is a running commentary

on English History. To one familiar with Oxford or to the historian this book may have a strong and strange appeal. To the lay mind in America, however, it will be confusing.

*Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.*

#### GRACE—DIVINE VITAMIN OF THE HUMAN SOUL

By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.F., D.D.

An attractive booklet, and a novel exposition of a difficult theological subject, which will—says Bishop Griffin in the Foreword—"undoubtedly appeal to a great multitude of readers." The sub-title, the questionnaire, the intriguing diagram of the Christian Superman—all indicate this pamphlet to be *different* and somewhat original. In language familiar to the average reader the author presents an intelligible picture of the function of Grace in promoting spiritual health. Invaluable for teachers and pupils, Catholic circulating libraries, and study clubs.

*Paulist Press, New York. \$0.05 each.*

#### THE INDEX

of the 17th volume of THE SIGN—August, 1937 to July, 1938—is now available at ten cents per copy.

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# ARCHCONFRATERNITY

## of the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ

### The Holy Mount of God

**H**OW many beautiful things are contained in the Sacred Passion of Our Saviour! It suffices to ascend to Calvary in order to discover there an infinity of mysteries.

Calvary was an accursed mountain, infamous on account of the malefactors who were punished there. However, Our Saviour calls it the holy mount of God, and gives it a thousand benedictions, because it is chosen for His exaltation and His glory. As He selected a vile stable of beasts for His birth, so did He choose for His death a vile place, reserved for condemned criminals. And in this way He has been pleased to make His humility appear together with His charity.

What a lesson for me. The very mention of suffering, and the least inconvenience, afflicts me. I am one of the many who think they can follow Christ without the inconvenience of suffering. I have never seriously meditated that the glory of Easter Sunday was preceded by bitter sufferings on Good Friday; and that if I wish to reign with Christ I must also suffer with Him. In a word, I forget that heaven must be earned. *"Should not Christ have suffered these things and so enter into His glory."*

O my Divine Master! grant me a little of Thy humility by which I may know myself thoroughly—a monster of malice, an unhappy sinner deserving of hell for the sins I have committed. If I were really and truly persuaded of this, what mortification, misfortune, injustice, torture, what desolate, wicked, infamous humiliation could cast me down? What cross that would not even be lovely to me? If I have lived as a sinner, penance is not of counsel, but of precept.

Whatever I may have to suffer, what is it all compared to the humiliations and sufferings of Jesus, my Saviour? All my suffering and humiliation amounts to nothing when placed in the balance with His.

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UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

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DIRECTOR GENERAL

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Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of April, 1939

Masses said	12
Masses Heard	6,281
Holy Communions	10,323
Visits to B. Sacrament	10,531
Spiritual Communions	15,654
Benediction Services	21,367
Sacrifices, Sufferings	21,659
Stations of the Cross	4,841
Visits to the Crucifix	12,986
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,484
Offerings of PP. Blood	28,257
Visits to Our Lady	4,219
Rosaries	7,382
Beads of the Seven Dolors	1,474
Ejaculatory Prayers	533,220
Hours of Study, Reading	5,535
Hours of Labor	19,564
Acts of Kindness, Charity	7,608
Acts of Zeal	44,313
Prayers, Devotions	20,217
Hours of Silence	6,291
Various Works	6,941
Holy Hours	16

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

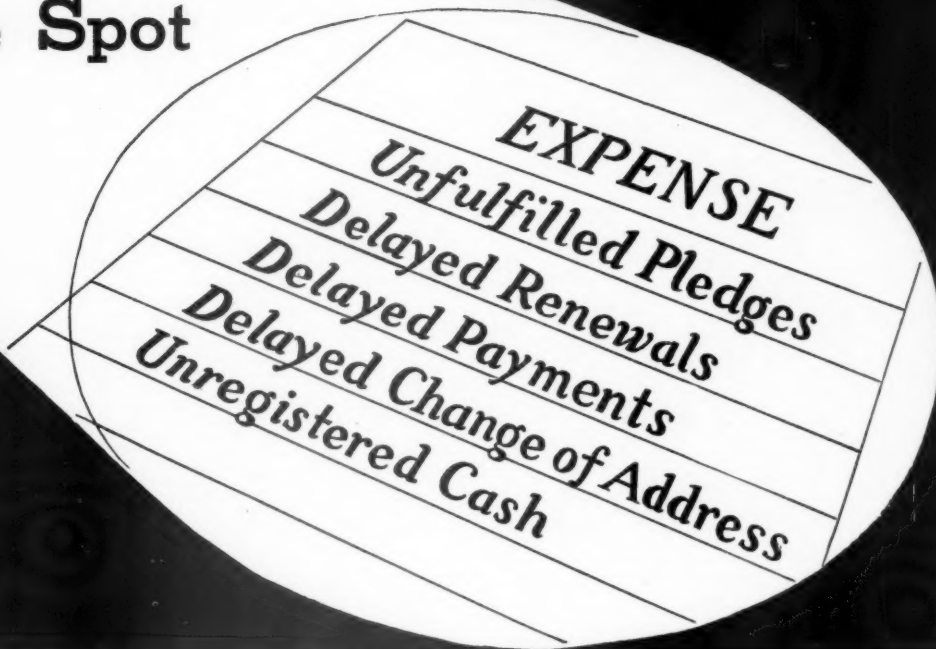
(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Most Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, D.D.  
Rev. Charles Lyons, S.J.  
Rev. William C. Shevlard  
Rev. Eucheria Giannetti  
Rev. E. J. Wilber  
Rev. C. F. Sullivan  
Rev. Francis Touscher, O.S.A.  
Mother C. Wager (Taylor)  
Sr. Margaret Alice (Reilly)  
Sr. Mary Ruth (Quinn)  
Sr. M. of Angel Gabriel (Mahoney)  
Sr. Mary Carlotta (Murray)  
Sr. M. Arcadia  
Edward P. Doherty  
Mary McNamar  
John R. Davin  
Mary Quane  
Francis Walls  
Peter Schaeffer  
Mortimer F. Hogan  
Anna M. Gowen  
Mary M. Reilly  
Catherine M. Buckley  
Joseph F. Belanger  
Mrs. Joseph Klink  
James Farrell  
Elizabeth Bercau  
Mrs. Kesselback  
Sarah E. Gallagher  
Arthur Conway  
Patrick Mantion  
Elizabeth Hughes  
Michael McCormick  
James Hyland  
Mary Caniff  
John A. Kelly  
Mrs. Charles Imrie  
Elizabeth T. Scanlon  
Michael Raleigh  
Joseph L. Gleason  
Margaret Campbell  
James A. McDermury  
Marie L. Crowley  
John Lupsic  
John Collins  
Julia Belmore  
Frances Macke  
John Stape, Sr.  
Margaret M. Baker  
Mary Pendergast  
John J. Murphy  
Daniel Daly  
John McGartland  
Nora Ford  
Mrs. George West  
John Francis Oxtion  
John Patrick Ralph  
James Ralph  
Sarah Kelly  
Mr. Loran J. Sanford  
Simon Brennan  
Catherine McCue  
Daniel F. Sullivan  
Ellen Welsh  
Grazia Amorella Pandelena  
George P. Coyle  
John S. Molloy, Jr.  
Bernard Staedtler  
Mr. W. S. Adams  
Warren F. Gilligan  
Julia A. Sullivan  
Frederick J. Connell  
Louis Hohenadel  
Margaret McCabe  
Mary B. Colligan  
Anna O'Connell  
Catherine Russell  
Edward F. Russell  
Patrick Keane  
Frank Schavelsick  
William V. Gallagher  
Mary McNeil  
Patrick Ford  
William Kelly  
Thomas Kelly  
Patrick Kelly  
Hugh Kelly  
Mrs. Kelly  
Michael Grady  
Mrs. M. Grady  
Patrick McNeela  
John Ellis  
Mary Flanagan  
Mr. D. Teahan  
Frank B. Kane  
Patrick J. Spillane  
Helen O'Keefe  
Mary O'Connor  
Mr. J. V. Noel  
Mary Connolly

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.

## Putting Expense On the Spot



### These Are Expense Items Which You Can Turn Into Profit . . . . In Fact Only You Can Do It

To us you are not customers . . . you are not merely subscribers — you are Friends. Because you are interested not only in what The Sign *is* but in what The Sign is trying to do.

The picture above tells a real story. Expense is expense. When expense means costs which are *necessary* everyone can understand. But when expense means *waste* — it is just that.

Every item — and there are others — listed above is really unnecessary expense. You control them.\* Won't you help us cut them?

**DELAYED RENEWALS** mean extra mailing. That's expensive. Acknowledge

your expiration notice. A note — even saying "No" — will save money.

**UNREGISTERED CASH** is easily "lost." Lost to you and to us.

**USE FORM ENVELOPES** for returns. It saves you an envelope and time here for us.

**UNFULFILLED PLEDGES.** A pledge from you to subscribe is your word to us. Circumstances may prevent your keeping it. We understand. A note from you will save unnecessary mailing.

You can help us cut expense. And every bit of it saved means so much more toward what The Sign is trying to do. But it depends on You.

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**EVERY PENNY SAVED IS A CONTRIBUTION**

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## COMMON HERITAGE

A Chinese boy with his fearful uncertainty for the future.

A Chinese ancient with his grim fatalism in the face of death.

Both have inherited sorrow, hunger, danger, disease from the war which now ravages their native land.



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*Authenticated News*

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